

The Sketch

No. 858.—Vol. LXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



UNFLATTERING, BUT OF HIS DAY: SHAKESPEARE—THE ONLY KNOWN CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT.

This statuette of Shakespeare, which there seems no doubt is a contemporary portrait, is 15 inches high, and of mulberry-wood. Its pedigree is given as follows: It originally belonged to Shakespeare's sister, Joan, and it is thought that, although it is so roughly carved, it is the work of Gerard Johnson or one of his sons, whose business was carried on within a few doors of the Globe Theatre, Southwark. From it was taken the design for the monument in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. For a good many years the statuette was exhibited at Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon, by direction of Thomas Hart, fifth in direct line from the poet's sister. In 1830, or thereabouts, it was purchased by the family of the late owner. Since that time it has lain in a store-cupboard belonging to an old lady now dead. At present, it is the property of Mr. Hugh Blaker. Messrs. Sotheby are to sell it on the 14th of this month. It is unflattering to the poet, perhaps (and so may please the Baconians), but it is of very decided interest.—[Photograph by Grahame, Ellery, and Co.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



A Shilling an Hour.

You'll be an awful fool, friend the reader, if you don't read H. G. Wells's new novel, "Tono-Bungay." When I read a book that I admire enormously, I always rush round telling everybody about it. "Tono-Bungay" is just such a book. Chaotic, perhaps; here and there a little affected; but full of humanity, imagination, and high spirits. Nobody but Mr. Wells could have written "Tono-Bungay," and I scarcely think that Mr. Wells could have written it ten years ago. There is a breadth and a depth in the telling of it that only a man of a certain age can achieve. Somebody was saying the other day that the modern novelist does not give value for money. If they don't find value for money in "Tono-Bungay," heaven alone knows how much modern readers expect. You get two love-stories, both exceedingly well done; you get two flying-machines; you get a sort of piratical trading expedition and a murder in cold blood; you get a patent medicine that makes a million, followed by a bankruptcy; you get satirical studies of many prominent people of the day; you get a trip down the Thames in a destroyer, and all for four-and-sixpence! When you go to the theatre, you spend as much as that on cloak-rooms, cabs, and programmes! Is it possible that the reading public is getting mean?

Very Hard to Bear.

By the way, it is painful to be rent in pieces by one's own colleague. One expects injustice from certain outsiders; that's all in the day's work, and keeps one fit and alert. But when a man in the same camp begins to set about you, there is nothing for it but to curl up in a corner and die. Hear "The Mere Man" in last week's issue of this journal—"No man who lives in the suburbs can be accepted as a hero—the word 'suburban' stamps him at once as unheroic, and even in his love-making he is represented as absurd, and matched in that respect by the girl on whom he has set his affections. Young married couples are, however, the chief game of this sort of novelist, and they are always described as supremely ridiculous." Always, mind you! Well, what is to be done about it? It would be very unsporting to sue a colleague for libel, yet that "always" is a wide net, embracing even those who have invariably dealt with the suburbs from exactly the opposite point of view. It is possible, of course, that I am entirely unknown to my colleague, in which case he must open this journal at the unusual end, and lay it down before he comes to the front page. I can think of no other explanation of these harsh sayings. In any case, though, I forgive him. I feel sure that he is a thoroughly delightful fellow—at heart.

A Dull-Witted Campaign.

The latest Suffragette raid was a tame business. It made good reading for country cousins, but those of us who happened to be there found it more than a little boring. Those Suffragettes who had made arrangements at home to be arrested were arrested very early in the proceedings; after that the evening was filled out by the badgering of the police by a handful of larrikins. The trouble about the Suffragettes, as public entertainers, is that they have no new ideas. We are tired of the chains, tired of window-smashing, tired of hiding in vans. Once, yes; twice, no. Why on earth don't they dress themselves as telegraph-boys, or Press Association messengers, and get into the House that way? Some of them would look very nice, I feel sure, in boys' clothing. They might even happen to catch the eye of Mr. George Edwardes, who would at once engage them for a Suffragette ballet at the Empire. That would do far more to help the cause than this street-scrabbling business. It is impossible to convince Governments of your capacity for organisation by getting

locked up at ten minutes past eight, or of your genius for the administration of foreign affairs by slapping a policeman on the face. Use your wits, ladies! Get the brilliant gentlemen who are on your side to think of something new. If you don't, you'll drop out of the papers; and then—

The Prophet at Home.

The Poet laid his pen down and sat back in his chair. His latest work was complete. He felt that it was fine—that it would endure. He had handled great subjects in a great way. The whole thing was modelled on Isaiah, but there was just enough of the Solomon Eagle touch to make it popular. It had to be popular to get at the masses, who must be stirred. And for other reasons. Anyhow, the Thing was Accomplished. He walked to the pillar-box without a hat, dropped the envelope into the box, and went to bed. All England would ring with his denunciation on the morrow. England would shudder at the terrific picture he had drawn of impending doom. . . . The next day passed quietly. The milkman called as usual; the railway that ran through an adjoining meadow seemed to be working, for once in a way, quite smoothly. The guard did not stop the train to call upon the Poet and make obeisance. The Poet scanned the skies. They had not fallen. He walked as far as the post-office. No, there were no telegrams. The afternoon post was the next event. A copy of his favourite evening journal came by that. The Poet waited for the afternoon post. . . . At last it came. Very quietly, for he had himself well under control, he removed the wrapper. His eye fell at once upon his own name. The column was headed "Notes on Notabilities." This was what he read—

What the Poet Read.

"Mr. — — —, whose latest poem is published this morning in the — — —, resides, when at home, in a pretty country house in the wilds of — —. His chief amusement is the breeding of poultry, but he is also fond of walking and fishing. Some years ago an amusing incident occurred in connection with his fondness for the latter pastime. He was whipping a stream in his accustomed vigorous fashion when he happened to stumble over a person who was lying prone upon the bank. Looking down, he saw that it was a stranger who was staying for a few days at the village inn. 'Your pardon, Sir!' said the poet. 'Not at all,' exclaimed the stranger, springing to his feet, with a charming smile. 'It was my fault. I was so engrossed in this book that I did not hear you coming.' The Poet looked at the book in question. Judge of his embarrassment when he discovered it to be one of his own."

"Faugh!" cried the Poet, flinging the paper to the ground.

"Anything the matter, dear?" inquired his wife gently.

"Let them perish! They are not worth the saving!"

"I have often told you that, dearest. Now come and have your tea before it gets cold."

Which show that it is impossible to be great until you are dead.

Something of this Sort.

You may have noticed, friend the reader, that I generally write rather a silly paragraph for the last one. This is not due, I assure you, to lack of conscience. Possibly it is due to lack of brains, but it is not for me to say that, and, anyhow, it would not explain the marked falling-off when we get to this corner. The truth is that I suddenly discover that my space is nearly exhausted, and it is extremely difficult to hit upon a topic that lends itself to interesting treatment in a very few lines. If it is a good topic, one wants to run on; if it is a bad one, far better leave it alone altogether. (And, with these few graceful words of apology, the Fool withdrew.)

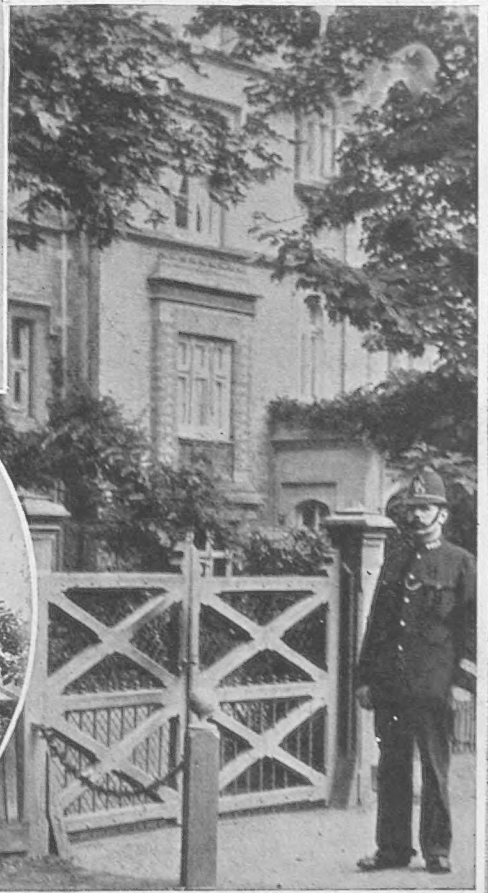
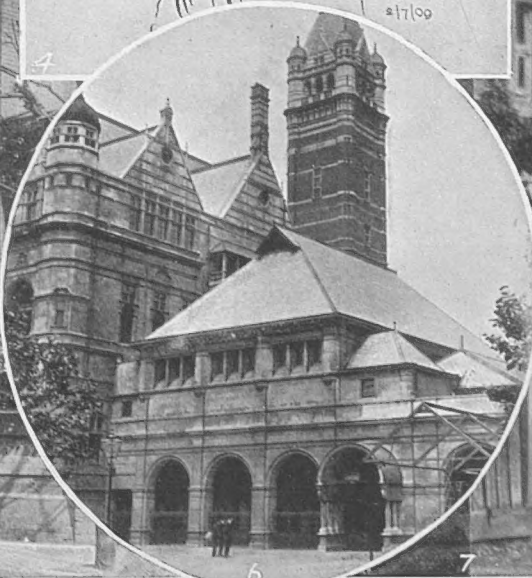
THE INDIAN "AT HOME" ASSASSINATION: THE CRIME AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



MADAR
LAL
DHINGRA



SKETCHED
AT
WESTMINSTER
POLICE COURT
2/7/09



1. LADY WYLLIE, WIFE OF THE DISTINGUISHED ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL WHO WAS MURDERED AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE LAST WEEK.
2. SIR LESLEY CHARLES PROBYN, WHO TOOK PART IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH THE ASSASSIN, AND HAD TWO RIBS BROKEN.
3. SIR WILLIAM HUTT CURZON WYLLIE, WHO WAS SHOT DEAD BY AN INDIAN STUDENT WHILE HE WAS LEAVING AN "AT HOME."
4. MADAR LAL DHINGRA, THE YOUNG INDIAN STUDENT OF ENGINEERING, AS HE APPEARED WHEN BROUGHT UP AT WESTMINSTER CHARGED WITH THE WILFUL MURDER OF SIR WILLIAM CURZON WYLLIE AND DR. CAWAS LALCA.

5. INDIA HOUSE, HIGHGATE, IN WHICH DHINGRA LIVED FOR A TIME, WHICH WAS RUN BY MR. KRISHNAVARMA, WHOSE PAPER HAS STATED THAT POLITICAL ASSASSINATION IS NOT MURDER.
6. THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, SHOWING THE GALLERY (WITH THE FRAMEWORK OF THE AWNING BEFORE IT) IN WHICH THE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED.
7. POLICE GUARDING THE HOUSE OF LORD MORLEY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, AS WHOSE POLITICAL AIDE-DE-CAMP SIR WILLIAM CURZON WYLLIE HAD BEEN ACTING.

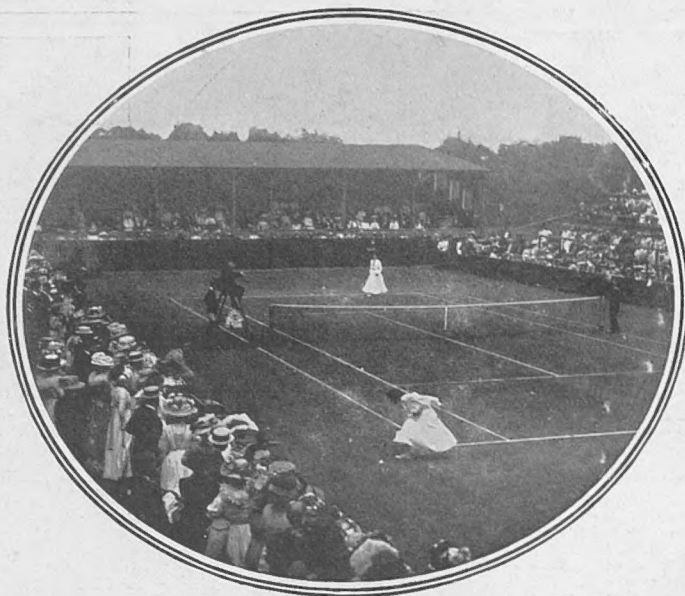
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AT WIMBLEDON: THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

PROMINENT PLAYERS DURING THE GREAT FIXTURE.



MISS A. M. MORTON, "RUNNER-UP" FOR THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.



MISS MORTON TRYING TO GET A DIFFICULT RETURN DURING THE FINAL.



MISS D. BOOTHBY, THE NEW LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION, AT WIMBLEDON.



MISS BOOTHBY IN THE FINAL.



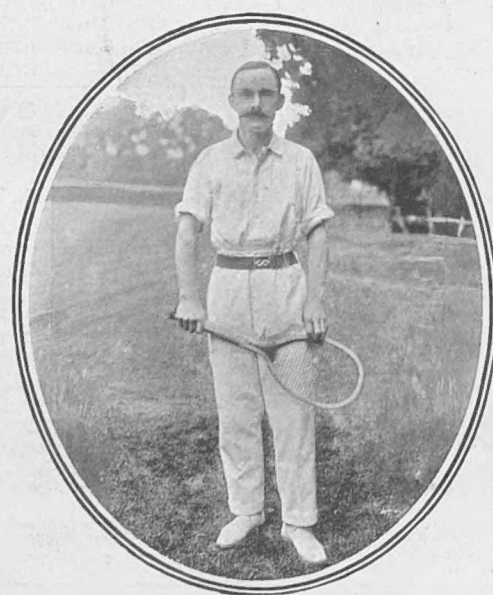
MISS BOOTHBY SERVING.



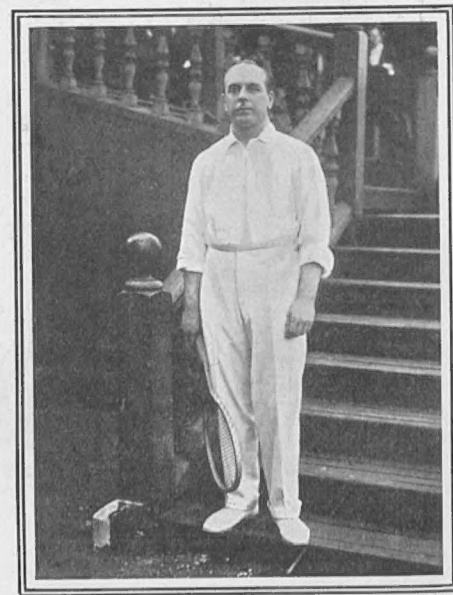
MISS BOOTHBY RETURNING.



MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. GORE IN THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE ROUND.



MR. A. W. GORE (HOLDER), WHO BEAT MR. RITCHIE IN THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE ROUND.



MR. H. ROPER BARRETT, WHO PLAYED IN THE FINAL OF THE MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES AND THE FINAL OF THE OPEN MIXED DOUBLES.

All photographs except Nos. 4 and 6 by Sport and General.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Henley this Time.

It's out of my beat and totally out of my line—there being precious little scope for inventiveness in a zephyr

and shorts—but I've got one or two maybe—I say maybe—interestin' things to say about Henley. What? Havin' a young brother who has thrown back to Adam—I mean, developed a sort of feverish love of makin' himself frightfully uncomfortable for the sake of workin' up muscle and baggin' Plates—and who has come down from that old-new town right up the river where the young

generation for heaps of generations are sent to work so that they may play—the latter bein' far harder than the former, d'y'see—Oxford, it's called—to go to Henley to train, I got into a suit of waterproof clothes to find it and him. You go there from Paddington by frequent trains at slight cost, and you discover a row of red-roofed boat-houses, gathered round a red-brick station which faces a red-brick hotel, lining the bank of a really delightful stretch of river, spanned by a dear old graceful bridge behind which stands a very elderly church-tower, more red roofs, tea-gardens with geraniums in tubs, small fancy-wood summer-houses where wasps wait for marmalade, a few houseboats, Phyllis Court, a sort of club, mainly consistin' of grass, chairs, Leander ties, and young women with a quaint facility for showin' stockings—all most pleasant—any number of craft—that's the quite good waterside word for long strips of hollow wood, in which one reclines among cushions and gets engaged—some tents, a long double row of white posts in the middle of the stream, and a background of very green trees. I say again, all most pleasant. By a dispensation of Providence, and because the *Daily Telegraph* prognosticated dull and wet weather, the sun was deliciously warm. The train, packed with young-old women with old-young ones, arrived to time, and through a web of Maxim mushroom hats I spotted a square-set, thick-chested, calm, assured, roving-eyed lad manœuvring his way towards me, robed in a nice arrangement of white flannels, the coat of which was piped with a broad band of blue. Beneath a languid collar hung a tie of blue and white, and beneath the all too short trousers gleamed socks of pristine, virgin white, with an arrow on the ankles. The hat was unspeakable—a damp, mildewed-boot-coloured, soft thing which would be called bizarre by the sort of pen-wagglers who know so little English that he brings in words that are not, and never will be, French.

Towpath Followers.

several kinds of tired things, together with a sere and yellow salad, in a reckless, devil-may-care, perfectly young way. Wavin' aside my offer of a cigarette with the regretful stoicism of the trainin' man, he led me down to a raft, threw out several sharp orders to a familiar-

Cockin' his head at me enthusiastically, too emotional for words, he led me in a casual manner to the Red Lion, and there we ate

deferential waterman, watched two very large cushions placed into his punt, or somebody's punt—I think he had bought the river really, or owed for it—he slanted his head again, and, feelin' perfectly satisfied that dozens of towpath followers' eyes were devourin' him eagerly, poled me gracefully under the bridge to a place opposite a sort of diminutive grand-stand, where he tied up, and sank down upon his cushion. To the right and left were other punts, either movin' slowly about, laden with awfully old

young jokers, who were havin' such a delightful slack that they thought it incumbent upon them to look bored, or young things under big hats in pink blouses, whose only compellin' features were the stare-everyone-out-of-countenance eyes—the female river-eyes. Tied up to other posts there were other punts, in which preened and ogled the towpath follower, who, a wet-bob type of the camp-follower, like the brook, goes on for ever—ever on the hunt for the moneyed susceptible who plays the moth, but seldom sings his wings. Perhaps you can follow that fearfully brainy maze, and, that being so, perhaps you'll be good enough to explain it to me.

Another Epoch-
Makin' Statement,
b'Jove!

The peace of the place was frequently disturbed by the raucous calumny, slander, odium, censure, contumely, reviling, detraction, and affectionate though picturesque reproach of an undersized person who hung to the rudder of an eight, all pullin' their hearts out for fun, or by the passin' of two men, on two slidin' seats, each in a whiff of wood, and one of them yellin' blasphemy by way of encouragement. I enjoyed the whole thing enormously—especially the sight of so many men doin' so much pantin' work for the good of their colleges in the fine old English way, bless 'em. It was gorgeous, inspirin'. A man who can obey rules, run miles, knock

off smokin', eat two hog meals a day, tub twice, go to bed at half-past ten, and live a laborious life, will be a credit to his country. Then, too, I was very pleased with the many clashing colours that lighted up the streets of the town. Colour feeds the eye, especially when it takes the shape of Lauder socks, Leander tie, a half-blue hat-band, a white blazer broadly piped with blue, and white trousers with a thick band of colour down the leg. There are, too, few sights more Spartan than that of a frightfully fit, muscular person, in infinitesimal shorts, most grubby, a zephyr, very dashed, hair akimbo, Leander socks trailin' round once-white shoes, and a streamer of Leander round his neck. And when I returned to the station on my way back to my own particular town, I left with a sense of almost elderly pride. For I say this. I say that the man who'll swot like a galley-slave as these jokers are doing is the man to back in whatever job he eventually takes up. That's what I say, d'y'see.



"Going away this summer?"
"When's that?"

(With Our Compliments to Flaming June.)

[DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.]



THE CLUBMAN

A Captured Colour. There is a good deal of that waving of flags, which Mr. Haldane deprecated, in progress at the present moment. Sir Aubone Fife—

who, as the standard-bearer of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, had always belied his rank, for he had no standard to carry, the very gallant corps having left their last one at Edgehill, when they saved their King's life—now bears a very handsome piece of silk worked by the wives and widows of the Captains of the Corps. All over Great Britain fêtes and parades have been held to do honour to the colours which the King, at Windsor, presented to the Territorials; and now a gentleman going the round of the châteaux in Touraine, finding a British flag for sale, has purchased it, and proposes to restore the colour to the regiment in whose guardianship it was in Napoleonic days. This present, I should imagine, will be rather embarrassing, for regiments do not care to be reminded that they ever parted with their banners by misadventure, and such incidents are never mentioned in regimental histories.

West Point Trophies.

It is a jar to one's belief that we are an invincible race to find how many captured British colours and flags there are in various parts of the world. At West Point American officers learn their military history coloured by the view of several stands of banners which came into the hands of the colonists when they gained their independence, and British commanders of beleaguered cities had to make the best terms they could for their garrisons. The officers of the college, when they are showing a British guest their treasures, call no attention to these battle-flags, and if

parade. The men who lined up on the hill overlooking Zululand were old campaigners, and they were part of the thin chain which protected Natal from an overwhelming invasion of warriors whose warfare was extermination. They were on short rations and slept in the rain, for there were no tents; but if the spirits of the departed can know what passes on earth, the empyrean must have pulsed with rejoicing warrior-souls when that glorious flag was given back to the keeping of the regiment.

Two Middies. My sympathies have always been with two midshipmen who recovered two British flags and who got a dreadful wiggling for doing so. Somewhere in tropical America is a city in the cathedral of which are two banners, part of the spoil left behind when one of the above-mentioned capitulations took place. The city was intensely proud of these trophies, and the clergy regarded them as almost on a par with holy relics. One morning the city was enraged to hear that during the night the flags had vanished. A British man-of-war lay in the bay, and suspicion pointed to her. The captain was surprised, but promised to make inquiries. He did, and the consequence was that two middies toed the line on the quarter-deck. They thought that whitey-brown people had no right to be in possession of British flags, and they had climbed into the cathedral through a window, one of them had squeezed through the bars which protected the flags and had secured them, and they were now quite safe in the gun-room. The flags were restored with all due ceremony to the clergy, and the middies received a thunderous "pi-jaw" from the captain.



"JACK BLANDIVER," TIME-TELLER AT WELLS CATHEDRAL: THE FIGURE THAT KICKS OUT THE QUARTERS ON PETER LIGHTFOOT'S CLOCK.

Peter Lightfoot's clock, in the northern transept of Wells Cathedral, is believed to have been brought from Glastonbury Abbey. It was constructed in 1322. Last century new works were put in and the old works bought by South Kensington Museum. These were repaired, and still keep excellent time. The external figures remain at Wells, and "Jack Blandiver" kicks his heels each quarter of an hour, to strike the time.

Photographs by Dawkes and Partridge.

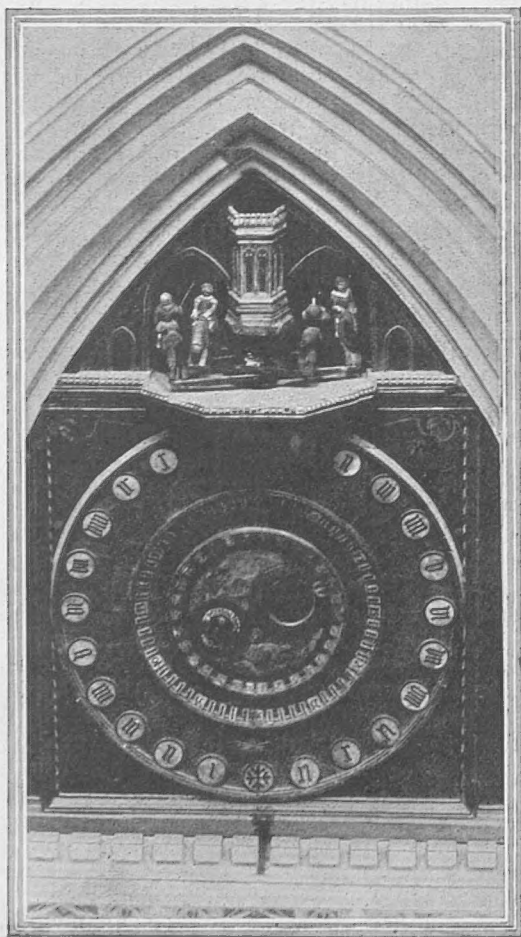
they are asked questions are gallant enough to say that they should not be regarded as trophies of war, in the same category as flags taken in hand-to-hand fight.

When the Prussians Came.

The Panthéon in Paris has some British flags hung in the great church and grouped around Napoleon's tomb; but these, I have always been told, are not the original pieces of silk. When the Germans were about to enter Paris in triumph, the guardians of the tomb burned every flag in the building, to prevent them from falling into the hands of their original owners. When the Germans marched back again to their own country, the flags reappeared, shot-torn and wind-blown; but it is said that the art of the theatre had a good deal to say to this phoenix-like resurrection.

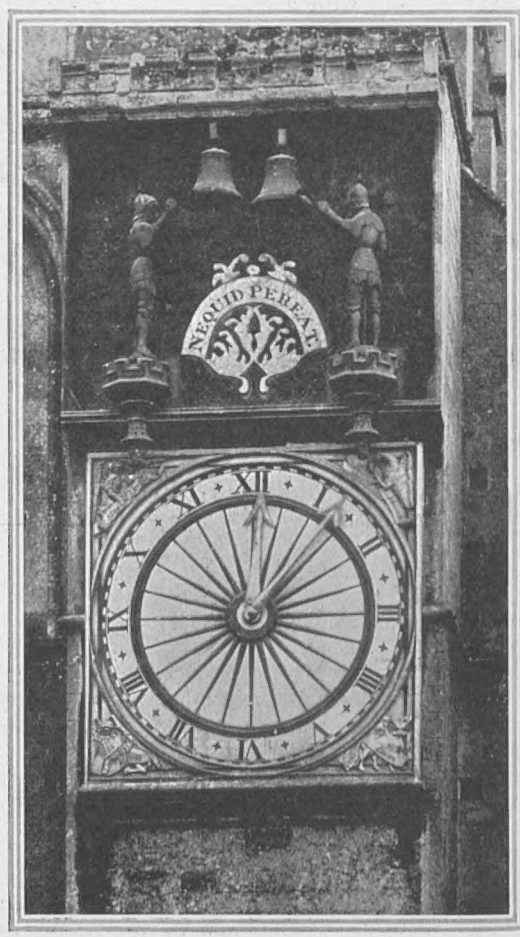
Melville and Coghill.

Of course, a colour may be lost under circumstances of very great heroism. All of us remember how Melville and Coghill, trying to save the colours of the 24th, came by their heroic deaths. Of the many "presentation parades" I have attended, I have never been on one so impressive as that at Helpmakaar, when one of the colours for which two heroes had given their lives was restored to the survivors of the regiment. There was no splendour of gold lace and nodding plumes on that



KNIGHTS WHO TILT EVERY HOUR: FIGURES ON PETER LIGHTFOOT'S CLOCK.

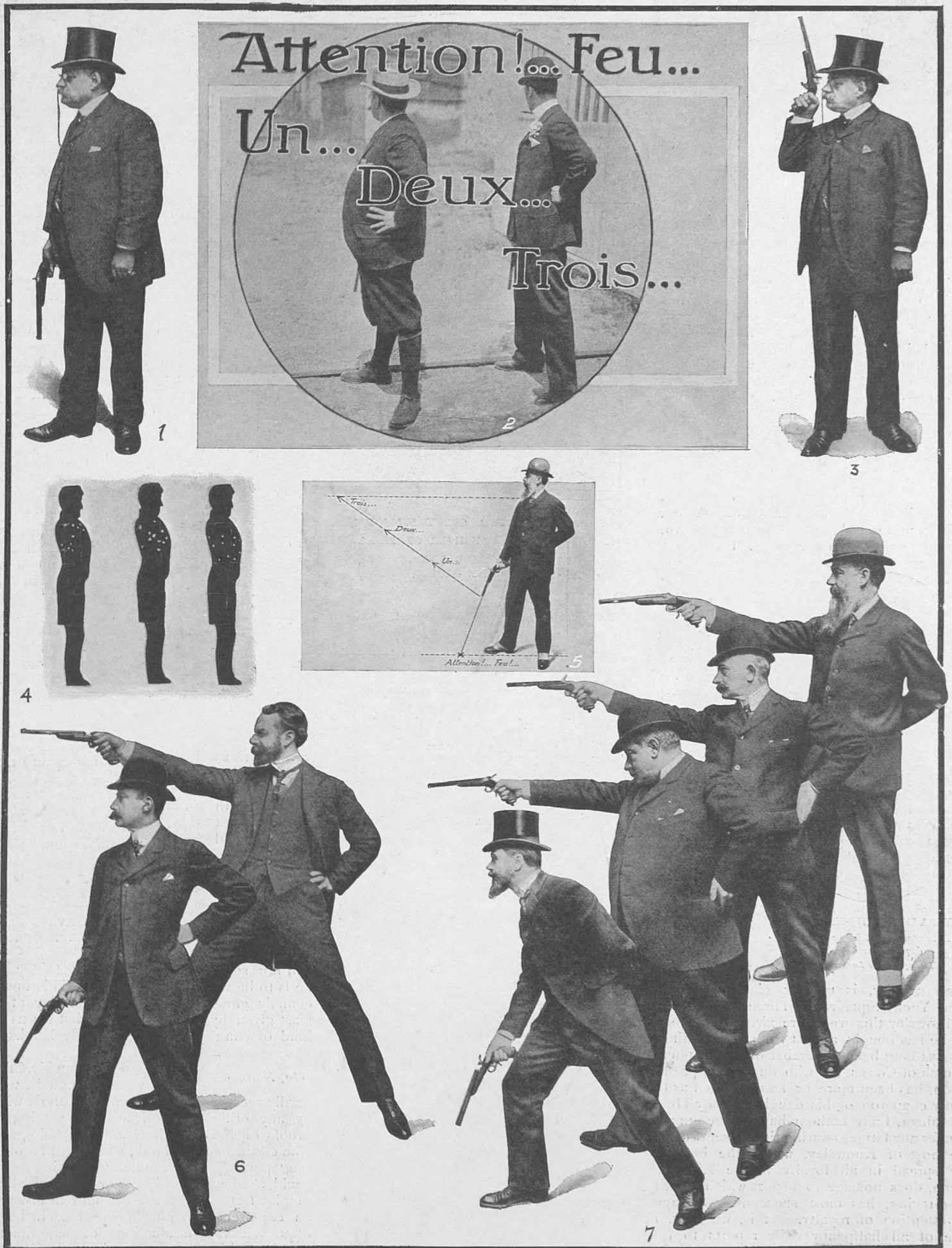
When the hour strikes, four mounted knights run round and round the tilting-ring, and one is knocked over regularly.



THE ARMOURD MEN WHO STRIKE THE QUARTERS: FIGURES ON PETER LIGHTFOOT'S CLOCK.

These two armoured figures announce the quarters by striking a bell with their halberds.

HOW TO KILL YOUR MAN CORRECTLY: DEADLY ATTITUDES. POSITIONS TAKEN BY CRACK SHOTS WITH THE DUELLING PISTOL; AND OTHERS.



1. A POSITION THAT MUST NOT BE TAKEN—THE PISTOL POINTED TOWARDS THE FOOT, THE ARMS HANGING, THE BODY AND LEGS SLACK.
2. "ATTENTION, FEU! UN, DEUX, TROIS!" CRACK SHOTS WAITING THE ORDER TO FIRE AT TARGETS THAT ARE IN THE FORM OF SILHOUETTES OF MEN.
3. A POSE THAT WAS FASHIONABLE IN 1872: THE RIGHT ARM FOLDED AGAINST THE CHEST, THE PISTOL HELD POINTING UPWARDS, READY TO BE LOWERED TOWARDS THE ADVERSARY.
4. REMARKABLE PRACTICE: SILHOUETTE TARGETS HIT WITH TWELVE BALLS OUT OF TWELVE AT A DISTANCE OF 28 METRES (ABOUT 31 YARDS)—THE FIRST BY M. GUIARD, THE SECOND BY THE MARQUIS DE CRÉQUI-MONFORT, THE THIRD BY THE COMTE DE LAMBERTY.

5. THE CORRECT POSITION—THE BODY STRAIGHT AND STEADY, THE LEGS SLIGHTLY APART, THE RIGHT ARM LOWERED, THE PISTOL POINTING TO A POSITION ABOUT 8 INCHES FROM THE FRONT OF THE TOE.
6. TWO GREAT PISTOL SHOTS AND THE POSITIONS THEY TAKE—ON THE LEFT, BARON ANDRÉ DE SCHONEN, THRICE CHAMPION. HIS PISTOL IS RAISED AUTOMATICALLY, AND HE FIRES AT THE PRECISE MOMENT. ON THE RIGHT, THE MARQUIS DE CRÉQUI-MONFORT, WHO ASSUMES A POSE WITH BENT KNEES, SLIGHTLY RESEMBLING THAT OF THE FENCER.
7. THE ATTITUDES ADOPTED BY GREAT SHOTS: M. MAXIME GUIARD, WHOSE ATTITUDE RESEMBLES THAT OF A MAN ABOUT TO SPRING FORWARD; BARON JULES EVAIN, SHOWING HIS EASY, DELIBERATE POSE; M. LEON LECUYER, WHO ADOPTS THE POSE OF THE JEUNE PREMIER; AND COMTE CLARY, WHO FAVOURS THE ACADEMIC POSE.

The extraordinary duel that took place a few days ago in the woods that surround the ruins of Regenstein Castle, north of Blankenburg, in the Harz, has drawn considerable attention to the pistol as a duelling-weapon. On this page we show the attitudes adopted by some of the great French crack shots with the duelling-pistol.

SMALL TALK



MRS. FREDERICK WOMBWELL
(formerly Miss Gertrude Harrison-Smith),
whose wedding took place yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Lafayette.

A marriage which brought so many well-known people to St. Margaret's, Westminster, a pretty country wedding was celebrated at Carlton Church, Worksop, Notts, the bridegroom being Captain Frederick Wombwell, of the 16th Lancers, who is a brother of Lady Carnarvon, and the bride, Miss Gertrude Harrison-Smith. To-day, at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Miss Vera Chetwynd-Staplyton, the youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Chetwynd-Staplyton, of Weybridge, marries Mr. Edgar Hutton, of Buxton, Norfolk, only son of the late Colonel and Lady Katherine Hutton. The marriage of Miss Keating, only daughter of the late Mr. H. S. Keating, barrister, and granddaughter of Lady Ward, Cadogan Gardens, to Mr. H. P. Morris, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, also takes place to-day.

The Pace.

When once the ardour of racing takes hold of man, it matters little when and where the game of speed is contested. The typewriting young lady can enjoy a Derby as well as any jockey: she has eaten the fruit of the Tree of Pace. Thus it is that Lord Derby, already a member of the Jockey Club, and a keen judge of four-



MISS VERA CHETWYND-STAPLYTON,
Who is to marry Mr. Edgar Hutton to-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by Lafayette.

footed celerity, is up for election for the Royal Yacht Squadron. Three of his guests at Knowsley this week are already members, and he has bought a boat from Lord Lathom, who has long been a member of the shepherding club of Cowes, but who, during the present season, has been more or less engaged as the deputy chaperon of his daughter, Lady Helen Wilbraham, Lady Lathom having been unable to suffer any fatigues during the present season. The host of Knowsley, where the board is now spread in all loyalty to the King and Queen, does homage to a sport which, next to horse-racing, has most successfully engaged the attention of royalty. It is, we hear, in spite of all halfpenny daily reports to that effect, quite true that the King of Spain intends racing his own yacht during the Cowes Week.

Pellicoateries. It is a pity that Mrs. Asquith cannot get over her aversion for the Suffragettes. The dislikes of a Prime Minister's wife are not altogether private, and her open expression of them may easily prejudice her husband's position, and add to the bitterness felt by the ladies whose heart is in

their cause. There are cynics who say that our Prime Ministers, like Bishops in the Greek Church, should be chosen only from the ranks of the celibates, and should lose their posts as soon as they "pair" in any but a Parliamentary sense.

Good Conservatives can, of course, hold this

doctrine with all zeal and tenacity, for has not their Arthur managed to get through life without a Guinevere?

The Knowing "Yes." The habit of accepting invitations to parties—

except, of course, to dinner-parties—and then not putting in an appearance is growing in popularity. You show your friendliness by a "Yes"; and, more often than not, you will not be missed in the crush. This is the common justification of the "Yes"—meaning "No"—policy; and it works out very well in practice, especially for those who do not object to seeing themselves reported as being present at entertainments at which in fact they had no part. Cabinet Ministers are apt to follow the fashions of the day; and not always quite happily in the case of luncheons. The acceptance comes, and the company waits for several minutes; and

then there is a vacant—a very vacant—chair next to the host. Before the salmon is off, a very serious private secretary arrives to say that his chief hopes to be with them almost instantly; and then, finally, comes the telegram from the chief himself to say how pressing are affairs of State, and how sorry he is to be victimised by them! This was the comedy gone through the other day at the feast given by a popular M.P.; but it was that kind of comedy at which nobody laughs.

On, Stanley! Lady Stanley—even Mr. Curtis, whose wife she now is, would hardly recognise the African explorer's widow by any other name—has been passing the proofs of her first husband's autobiography. The editing of the book, which will be one of the "plums" of the autumn publishing season, could not have been in better hands, for Lady Stanley has brought the eye and intuitions of an explorer to her task, she herself having often felt the fascinations of experimental travel; and it is known that instead of turning her paint-money—she is an artist of no little talent—into pin-money, she has helped to send ships and men out to sea, and to unlighted, distant shores, in her zeal for that sort of adventure. Lady Stanley may still be recognised as Millais's model for the girl who stands, in one of his pictures, doubtful as to the answer she will give to a love-letter she holds behind her back.



CAPTAIN FREDERICK WOMBWELL,
Whose marriage to Miss Gertrude Harrison-Smith took place yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Lafayette.



ONLY DAUGHTER OF A GREAT MILLIONAIRE:
MISS "BABY" FIELD, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE
MR. MARSHALL FIELD.

Miss "Baby" Field—whose real name, by the way, is Evelyn—will probably live to be one of the greatest heiress débutantes of her time. She is the only daughter of the famous millionaire, the late Marshall Field, and her mother married some time ago Mr. Maldwin Drummond. Miss "Baby" is devoted to her two stalwart brothers, who are now at Eton. Some idea of the fortune this little lady will in due course share may be gained by the statement that her late father left upwards of sixty million pounds. [Photograph by Lillie Charles.]



MRS. EDWARD FOSTER (FORMERLY MISS
MARJORIE WENTWORTH FORBES),

Whose marriage to Mr. Edward Baytun Grove Foster took place on Monday last.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



MISS KEATING,
Who is to marry Mr. H. P. Morris, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, to-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by Rita Martin.

VERY FOND OF CHILDREN—NOT TOO LITERALLY.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



TO RANK WITH THE TORTOISE AS A GARDEN PET? THE CHEETAH.

Evidently, the cheetah is to rival the tortoise as a garden pet. We are told that it is excellent in that capacity, that it is very fond of children, and, lest this last be misunderstood, that it feeds on the same food as does a dog. The one shown in our illustration is the pet of a young Parisian, and hails from Africa. Its relative, the Indian cheetah, or hunting leopard, is used for hunting purposes. It is hooded and placed in a car, then, when a herd of deer comes into view, its head is directed towards it, the hood is removed, and the beast makes straight for the quarry.



THE KING'S HOST FOR THE LAST WEEK-END: MR. ARTHUR JAMES.

The King's host and hostess at Coton last week-end are a very popular couple. Mr. Arthur James is a great racing man as well as a keen big-game sportsman, and his charming, clever wife is an admirable amateur actress. He is, of course, a brother of Mr. William James.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

the family's principal territory, and very beautiful it looks in the midsummer luxuriance that swathes the park at the present moment. Many members of Lord Derby's family will be at Knowsley to meet the King and Queen, but as Lord Stanley, the son and heir, is only fifteen years old, the maturer presence of Lord Gosford and Lord Shuttleworth, with Lord Wolverton striking the happy mean, has been requisitioned.

Motors and Men. The Prince of Wales

has just added a particularly handsome and convenient car to his garage, and he now possesses a considerable number of motors. He does not, of course, look upon them as luxuries pure and simple, although he takes a keen interest in their mechanism, up-keep, and general welfare; for to the Prince a car is an essential accessory to the business, as well as the pleasure, of life. In the meantime, the motor-boat is forging ahead, and Lord Howard de Walden will certainly frighten the fishes when he races his new craft

ENTERTAINER OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT KNOWSLEY: LADY DERBY.

Lady Derby, who has just entertained the King and Queen at Knowsley, is one of the daughters of their Majesties' valued friend, Louise Duchess of Devonshire, and together with her sister, Lady Gosford, she was among the first ladies chosen to form the Queen's Household after the Accession.

Photograph H. Walter Barnett.

against the Duke of Westminster's *Ursula*. Lord Howard de Walden has been entertaining at Newmarket, and proving himself an admirable racing host, even if he is fated to look all the while rather more of an archbishop than a "sport."

Patchwork. Lord Lansdowne has not sold Rembrandt's "Mill" to Dr. Bode, of the Berlin Museum, the report that insidious Germany had secured the masterpiece being founded simply on the fact that he had lately presented his card to Lord Lansdowne's secretary, and gained admission to the gallery where the canvas was hanging. Lord Lansdowne is, of course, not deaf to offers (it is very pleasant in these times to be reminded that certain of your possessions are worth their weight in diamonds), but he has been told too often of the value of his paintings to

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE Queen has been buying Greek embroideries in Wilton Crescent, and if she wears some handiwork from the Hellenes on her gown at Knowsley, it will be because she remembers that her host and hostess *might* have been very personally concerned with things Grecian. Disraeli mentions in a letter that

lies buried in the mountain of his correspondence that Lord Derby had been offered the throne of Greece. As it has fallen out, Knowsley has remained as



THE NEW ROYAL CHAPLAIN: CANON EDGAR SHEPPARD.

Canon Edgar Sheppard is an old and valued friend of the royal family, and as sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal he has been present at many a notable royal function, and has baptised most of their Majesties' younger god-children. To him was confided the responsible task of writing the private life of the Duke of Cambridge.—[Photograph by Thiele.]

be thrown off his guard by the booming sound of even 100,000 guineas. He has more care for the collection than the Lord Lansdowne who lent one of his great Italian pictures to a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria because she wanted to beguile the tedium of her hours by making "water-colour copies of the Old Masters." While

she was working it fell from its easel, and when she picked it up, a round piece of paint had disappeared from the sky. In consternation, she wrote to the owner, but he assured her that it did not matter, that she could get her brother to patch the fracture. But perhaps we are telling secrets. Dr. Bode may not have seen the damage.

Junketings. To-morrow is the day of the St. Dunstan's Lodge garden-party, and

Lady Londesborough will then be rewarded for the pains she has taken with her theatricals. All her players are word-perfect, and her musicians in the best of moods for making music; while the morris-dances and singing games arranged by Lady Dundonald, Lady Idlesleigh, and other friends promise once more to prove how invaluable have been Mr. Cecil Sharp's services in reviving the older forms of rural revelry. Lady Irene Denison herself is taking part in her mother's entertainment, and Lady Londesborough will, one supposes, be in her turn invited to the dance which Lady Irene is giving at St. Dunstan's on the occasion of her nineteenth birthday.

The Greenwood Tree.

Lady Londesborough has been greatly assisted in the management of her theatricals by

Lady Beerbohm Tree, who promises to bring to St. Dunstan's to-morrow many leading members of her profession. She has only to call a little family gathering in the palatial apartments that Sir Herbert has, with wonderful house-craft, arranged high up at His Majesty's Theatre, and she will secure a very powerful company of three. To Miss Viola Tree her mother would always turn for a lady of leading were one lacking, for that charming actress has not won the public favour only: she has, to her own great delight, found a keen admirer in her father. The Trees have lately planted themselves, for brief week-ends, at Rottingdean—a place that has counted Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Alfred Noyes among its inhabitants.



THE KING'S HOSTESS FOR THE LAST WEEK-END: MRS. ARTHUR JAMES.

Mrs. Arthur James will celebrate her silver wedding next year. She was Miss Venetia Cavendish Bentinck, and she has long been one of the best bridge-players in the great world. She is noted for her collection of jewels, especially her marvellous rubies.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENTERTAINER OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT KNOWSLEY: LORD DERBY.

Never was there a more genial Postmaster-General than the then Lord Stanley, and from the public point of view it is a pity that he became a member of the Upper House while still in the full vigour of his mental powers. He was much liked in the House of Commons.

Photograph by A. Winter.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW CABINET MINISTER: MRS. HERBERT SAMUEL.

Mrs. Herbert Samuel now takes her place among the wives of the Cabinet, and she will be a valuable addition to the group of distinguished women whose husbands are now guiding the destinies of the nation. Mrs. Samuel is a fine speaker, and she showed this when her husband was engineering his famous Children's Charter.—[Photograph by Swanwick.]

THE PROETTE: THE FIRST AND ONLY LADY GOLF PROFESSIONAL.

MRS. GORDON ROBERTSON, GOLF PROFESSIONAL AT PRINCE'S LADIES' GOLF CLUB, MITCHAM.



1. THE FINISH OF A DRIVE.

2. THE FINISH OF A BRASSIE SHOT.

3. THE FINISH OF AN APPROACH SHOT.

4. AN APPROACH OVER A BUNKER.

5. MRS. GORDON ROBERTSON.

6. WELL OUT OF THE BUNKER.

7. STANCE FOR THE APPROACH SHOT.

8. TAKING THE CLUB BACK FOR A FULL IRON SHOT.

9. THE FINISH OF AN IRON SHOT.

In a book of hints for lady golfers, Mrs. Robertson writes: "I believe I am correct in stating that I am the first, and, so far, the only Lady Golf Professional. It is certain that a woman ought to be able to teach a woman better than a man can possibly do, as she knows the strength and weakness of her sex, and other little disadvantages to be contended with."

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Topical.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E.F.S. (Monocle))

A Delicate Question.

"Kit's Woman," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis and Mr. Bates, which the Play Actors produced at the Court, has caused some discussion as to the propriety of the subject for treatment upon the stage. Certainly the piece was not exactly suitable for the "maiden of bashful fifteen"; but the bread-and-butter Miss, assuming that she still exists, has for quite a long time been robbed of her monopoly of British drama. In fact, I do not doubt the propriety of the subject for stage treatment; yet very few dramatists could handle it effectively without being rather coarse, and it has baffled the authors of "Kit's Woman," who, whilst exhibiting some ability and producing a fairly interesting play, have not treated the theme very strongly, and have failed to avoid giving some offence without any intention to offend. For the work obviously is a sincere effort to deal with the theme fairly and not to get a success of scandal. Like most unskilful writers of problem plays, and like many adapters of problem novels, they have fallen into the fault of not grasping the real dramatic aspect of their task. Kit, a handsome young Cornish miner, has married, for love on both sides, a beautiful, buxom, vigorous Lancashire girl, and after a few months of happiness is wrecked by a boiler explosion, which renders him a cripple and makes him useless as a husband. What will become of the wife? After two years she meets "The Stranger from the Sea"—in several aspects the play reminds one of Ibsen's drama—a ship's mate, who falls in love with her. The woman loves her maimed husband, but— One seems to see the real drama is the fight between the woman's soul and flesh; but the playwrights pass it over: the play begins after her fall, even after her reaction and repentance and determination to confess. The dramatists have assumed that the drama lies in the attitude of Kit and his wife towards one another during and after the confession. So two-thirds of the play are consumed in stating the premises, and the actual vitality of the third act, though it is interesting and fairly strong, is not great enough to repay such an amount of preparation. Miss Beryl

Faber gave a notable performance of Kit's wife: her dialect has been questioned—I do not venture to criticise the speech of a Lancashire lass who has lived some time among Cornish miners. Moreover, the matter is of no great moment: questions of dialect, unless the inaccuracy is grotesque, are of little relative importance on the stage. No doubt she and Kit were a little too refined for miner and wife—a fault almost, perhaps quite, unavoidable by the players; but the force and sincerity of Miss Faber were admirable. Mr. Norman Trevor acted very well as her husband: he should prove a valuable recruit to the London stage. Miss Mary Relph played cleverly as a village gossip.

M. Guitry's Company.

that no effort will be made to adapt a work so peculiarly—and pleasantly—French

In "La Massière," by M. Jules Lemaître, the Adelphi French Company gave a charming play admirably. I am selfish enough to hope to our stage, for the quality would certainly evaporate. Moreover, it would be difficult to imitate the tact with which the awkward matter is handled of the jealousy of Marèze, the elderly painter, of his son, in connection with Juliette, the pretty young artist, who had already caused tears of jealousy to Mme. Marèze. The comedy is written with much subtlety and force. Marèze, notwithstanding his mistake in fancying that his affection for Juliette is purely paternal, is quite a delightful, hot-headed, good-natured, generous old boy, brilliantly drawn and magnificently acted. M. Guitry's performance in the part will be long remembered and cherished by playgoers. He had the advantage of excellent support. Mme. Dux played the jealous but really amiable wife quietly and strongly. Mlle. Flore Mignot was quite delightful in the part of Juliette, and was very heartily applauded; and M. Lamothe handled the difficult part of the son very cleverly.

The performance at the Star "Caste." The performance at the St. James's for the benefit of Miss Maud Robertson of her father's popular play "Caste" was well calculated to draw a big house, and it did. The most famous English comedy of the Victorian era presented by such a star-full company that even an unimportant part like that of Dixon was acted by Mr. Arthur Bourchier! What an attraction! Of course to the critic such an affair represents a "scratch team" effort, and perhaps is the more interesting on that account, since those of us who, like myself, have seen many revivals of "Caste," and could

even detect any trifling with the dialogue in most parts, are keener upon the acting than the thing acted. It would be unfair to criticise, unwise to make comparisons. The distinguished company, whose names deserve to be recorded, worked with a will at the agreeable

task of representing the very effective characters. Whatever be the fate of Robertson as a dramatist, his name will live long among the players because he wrote so many "fat" acting parts. Putting aside Dixon, there are seven characters, and I have seen a representative of each part—save the Marquise—make the "hit" of various revivals. What greater evidence could there be of the adiposity of the parts? The ugly word "adiposity" reminds one that Sir Herbert wound up the affair agreeably by giving a quaint little monologue, in which he recited the famous "Honour" speech as if uttered by Hamlet, whilst he gave "To be or not to be" in the best manner of Falstaff.



THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE OF "THE WRECKERS": MME. DE VERE SAPIO IN MISS ETHEL SMYTH'S OPERA.

A special performance of Miss Ethel Smyth's opera "The Wreckers" will be given at His Majesty's on the 8th, and will be attended by the King and Queen.



THE KING AND QUEEN TO SEE AN OPERA FROM A ROYAL BOX IN THE CENTRE OF THE STALLS—A SCENE FROM "THE WRECKERS."

That the King and Queen may see "The Wreckers" from the very best position, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has arranged that for the occasion of the command performance a special royal box shall be built in the centre of the stalls. There will be a special private entrance to this from the Haymarket side of the house. Obviously, it will be in existence for the one evening only. In the photograph (reading from left to right) are Mr. A. Winckworth, Miss E. Amsden, Mr. Richard Cliffe, Mr. Denis Byndon-Ayres, and Miss T. Setter.

A - PEERING THROUGH HER FINGERS.



"EYE, EYE, SIR": A FASCINATING PORTRAIT OF MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Photograph by Bassano.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

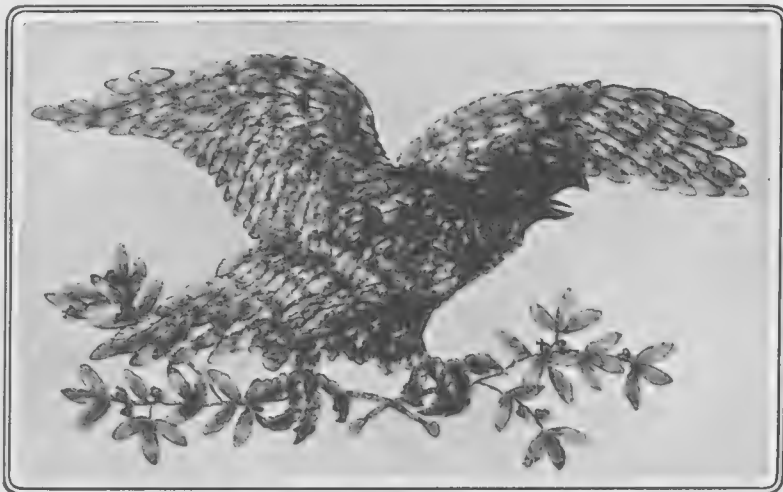
**Mistaking
Imperially.**

charge that those whose lines are cast in the Old Country really do not know the Empire. Certainly the Church cannot lay claim to knowing more than past Prime Ministers, and Foreign and Colonial Ministers. They sprang a nice surprise on Selwyn. He went out as Bishop of New Zealand. He learned Maori on the way, so that he might address the natives in their own tongue immediately upon arrival. He mastered also the art of the sailing-master on the voyage. Not much good this latter for a Bishop, one would think. But he needed it for the voyages which he projected to the Pacific Islands. What had he to do with these? That is where the surprise occurred. Some artless soul had popped their name into his patent, knowing nothing about them, nothing of their locality and extent. Selwyn was Bishop of them by mistake, but he accepted the charge, like the Light Brigade.

A Much in Little. Has anybody heard what our fellow-citizens in India call the young princess of Holland? It does not matter much, but it might be interesting to know in view of a title bestowed at a Calcutta Exhibition some years ago. The favoured figure was a representation of the god Bali. Not being on speaking terms with the gentleman, one cannot profess to defend his character against current reports concerning it. For certain reasons friend Bali is accounted the Prince of Darkness, the despot of the infernal regions. The Indian author of the exhibition had labelled this god, "The King of the Netherlands." As so much of Dutch titular sovereignty is given away with this description, it makes one anxious to know what remnant is reserved for the royal little stranger.

Sat on. It is all very well to have a royal inauguration of that ostrich-farm in Germany, but will royal recognition make the birds change their ways? Fine feathers do not make refined ostriches. Consider the experience of one of our Guardsmen in the reserve of officers at the Cape during the war. He was warned by a farmer against crossing an enclosure in which a bad-tempered ostrich had its home. The Guardsman replied, with becoming spirit, that the ostrich which would turn him aside had not yet been hatched—and continued on his way over the forbidden territory. Result: Four hours afterwards, the officer

not having returned, his brother-officers sought him sorrowing. They found him in unhappy plight. He was on his back, with the ostrich sitting on him and doing its level best to hatch him. Every time he tried to rise it knocked him down; he could have peace only so long as he lay still, content to let the bird incubate him. Will royal recognition alter that?



A BIRD WITH A THOUSAND WINGS: AN EAGLE MADE OF LOCUST-WINGS.

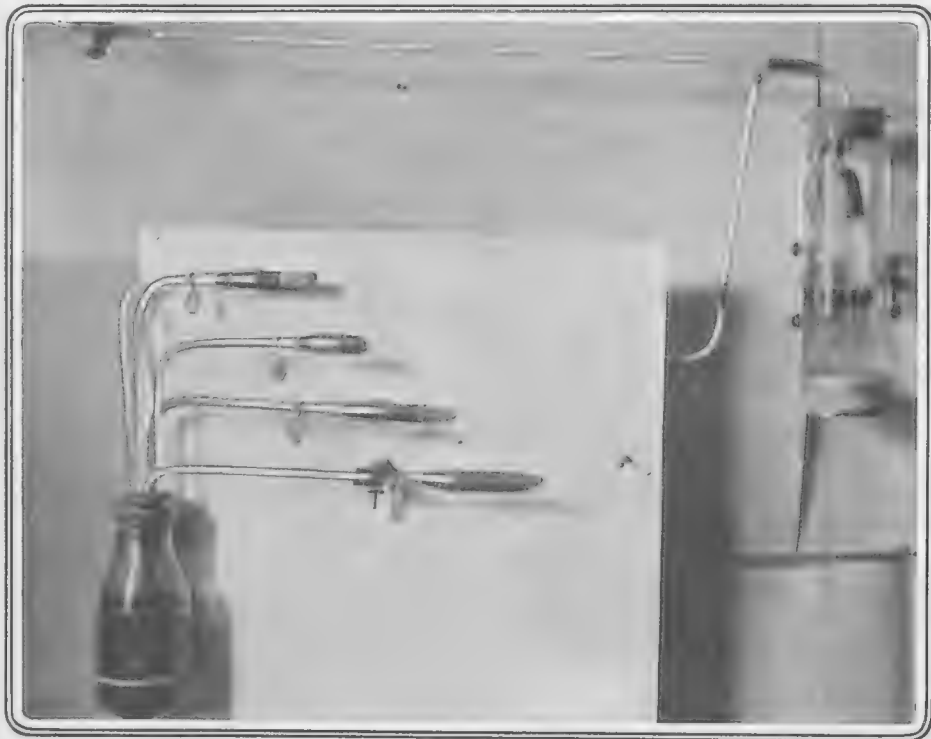
The designer took a stiff piece of cardboard and glued the locust-wings to it in the required form. The "bird" is three feet in length from tip to tip of the wings, and stands over two feet from the talons to the top of the wing. Over a thousand locust-wings were used in making the design, and he who fashioned it caught every insect. It is the handiwork of a German artist living in Baltimore.—[Photograph by D. A. Willey.]

that whisky was a very bad thing, and the sinner went so far as to admit "Deed an' it is, Sir—when it's baad whusky." But he was not wholly convinced, for he asked the minister if he had ever been overcome by whisky, and was answered in the negative. "Ah, Sir, if ye was ance richt drunk, ye wadna want ever to be sober again," he replied in rapture.

The Philosopher grave
Among the knight-
Critics. hood has

called forth allusions to the fine scholarship of the recipient's family. Francis Palgrave, of "Golden Treasury" fame, however, was one of the men whom Herbert Spencer singled out as a model to avoid. He analysed the preface to the famous anthology with unsparing hand, and the result was hardly flattering to the scholar. It was a way the philosopher had. He took to pieces a letter to himself from Jowett, and showed that though the great man had devoted fifty years to linguistic studies, he could not invariably write grammar. Spencer popped Addison also into the crucible, and found six flaws in seven lines, and skull-dragged Matthew Arnold for quoting them with approval as well as for

lapses of his own pen. He arraigned a Prime Minister and a Bishop on similar counts, and, taking Froude in hand, convicted him of the use of colloquialisms, of vagueness and of verbosity—all the faults occurring in three lines of matter.



CIGARS THAT SMOKE THEMSELVES: WEEDING OUT THE WEEDS.

The device here illustrated, which is in use at the Department of Agriculture at Washington, is designed to test the burning qualities of cigars. It can give any mere man lover of my Lady Nicotine points, for it smokes four cigars at a time. The smoking is effected in the following manner: "The smoking is done by allowing the water in the glass vessel at the right to escape gradually through tubes. The movement of the water, of course, creates a vacuum, and as the air is sucked into the vacant part of the vessel the suction causes a pull on the cigars, just as the smoker draws in the air through the tobacco."—[Photograph by D. A. Willey.]

SPEECH BEFORE A DRESSING!



UNCLE GEORGE: Hullo, Willie; been having a swim?

WILLIE: Yes, Uncle; but I'm only learning, same as you.

UNCLE GEORGE: Same as me? What do you mean?

WILLIE: Why Dad was telling us only yesterday as how you had an awful job to keep your head above water.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The Succeeding of Success.

Not for a long time, it is safe to say, has such a furore been made by a dancer as that evoked by Mlle. Karsavina, the première danseuse of the Russian company which is appearing at the Coliseum. The morning after her début offers began to come in from various Society leaders for her appearance with some of her comrades at their private houses.

The Russian Gift of Speech.

While this is Mlle. Karsavina's first appearance in London, she might have been here long before—for she has refused several offers—of the sea, which she saw for the first time on Sunday week, when she crossed from France. Curiously enough, in spite of her dread, she was not seasick for a moment. Like all Russians, she has the gift of tongues, although it took a personal accident to give it practical shape. On one occasion she was engaged to appear in Prague, and when crossing the frontier her luggage went astray. She tried to explain to the officials what had happened, but they could not understand her, and she, on her side, could not understand them. In despair, she burst into tears and forthwith determined that she would learn other languages than her own. She at once began to study French, with the result that when she went to Paris she was able to make herself readily understood, while her stay in that city very greatly increased her ease in speech.

Now she is learning English, and as it is probable that the great success she and her comrades have won will lead to a lengthening of their engagement, she is likely to have ample opportunities of speaking English fluently before she leaves London, with whose reception she has been so overwhelmed that, while she never thought of dancing more than two or three times a week in Russia, she looks forward with great pleasure to her twelve appearances a week at the Coliseum.

The Chair that was Not There.

The difficulties which beset the individual who sees two objects where only one exists are well known by hearsay to all readers of *The Sketch*. Naturally, such occurrences are exceedingly rare on the stage in these days, although, if theatrical stories about it can be believed, they were by no means unknown in the "palmy" days of the drama. Once, however, Miss Ada Webster (who is playing to-morrow, in a special matinée at the Palace Theatre, in a new one-act play by Mr. W. L.

and had an inordinate fondness for the wine of his country. One evening, when he had been unduly looking on the wine when it was not red, he was late in making his entrance. That fact, coupled with the too-great sacrifices he had been offering on the altar of Bacchus—if Bacchus is the god of Scotch whisky—flustered him a good deal. He stood on the stage with a bewildered air, obviously hesitating as to what he should do, and with, apparently, a very uncertain apprehension of what was going on. It was his business to take a chair and sit down on it in an attitude of careless ease. Unhappily, on this occasion he must have seen two chairs, and, approaching the unstable one which existed only in his inflamed imagination, he deliberately sat down on it. He only discovered that the chair was not there when, in an attitude the very reverse of careless ease, he measured his length on the floor, while the house rocked with laughter.

A Free Fight on the Stage.

Pastoral plays are frequently productive of unrehearsed effects, but few have exceeded in spontaneous humour one which occurred in the production of "The Garden of Roses," by Miss Brenda Girvin, whose newest al-fresco play, "The King's Glove; a Village Idyll of the Reign of Charles II.," in three acts, was given at Sydenham for the first time last Saturday, and was repeated on Monday and yesterday, its final performance being fixed for to-day. One of the incidents in the performance was a dance by two little twin girls who had reached the mature age of four. Their rehearsals had always gone with exquisite smoothness, and no one imagined that any mishap could by any possibility come to the dance. Unfortunately, at the performance, when they were naturally expected to do their best, one of them made a false step. Her sister noticed it. It roused her to a perfect frenzy of fury. She became so angry that she stopped dancing, and the next moment she doubled her little fists and hit her sister on the head. It was bad enough to have made a mistake in the dance, but it was infinitely worse to be chastised for it in the presence of a large crowd of people, in the forefront of whom sat her Royal Highness Princess Christian. The little girl who had been hit therefore hit back with all her might, and, though the dance music went on, the dance degenerated into a royal fisticuffs battle, which was only stopped when two grown-ups descended on the combatants, like the Assyrians in the famous poem, and carried them off screaming at their loudest. As might be expected, the audience roared with laughter, not the least amused member being the Princess, who, after the play was over, sent for the two little girls and made them each a present.



THE CHILD DANCER OF THE EMPIRE: MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS IN "A DAY IN PARIS." Miss Bedells' dancing in "A Day in Paris" is one of the brightest features of that particularly bright entertainment.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Courtney, entitled "A Woman in Revolt") relates that she did have an uncomfortable experience with an actor whose optical illusions were, unfortunately, prone to be the reverse of what could be desired in the best interests of the play. He was a Scotchman,



INTRODUCED BY HER MOTHER: MISS MARJORIE MOORE, DAUGHTER OF MME. BERTHA MOORE.

Mme. Bertha Moore introduced her daughter, Marjorie, to the public at the Court Theatre, and showed her to be both actress and vocalist. Mme. Bertha Moore (Mrs. Frank Huth) is a sister of Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. H. V. Esmond), Miss Jessie Moore (Mrs. Cairns James), and Miss Decima Moore (Mrs. Gordon Guggisberg).

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

MIXED MYTHOLOGY : CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



III.-- WHY PHIDIAS' MASTERPIECE, "THE TRIUMPH OF APHRODITE," WAS LOST TO THE WORLD.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Gaucherie of Praise.

The odds are ten to one that, if you choose one work of an author for special commendation, you disgust that author terribly. The reason is that, in all probability, you will choose some slighter thing which he has brought off more or less perfectly, instead of some more ambitious thing at which he has tried harder and with less artistic success, and which consequently is much dearer to himself. Sometimes, of course, the thing he most prides himself on is some by-work or amusement which the critic cannot be expected to value enthusiastically. Dickens prided himself particularly on his amateur acting, and so on. In England it is not an uncommon thing for an artist to think more of his golf than his art—often, be it said, with complete justification. And sometimes—it is a miserable case, but I fear it exists—a man who has turned out quite decent stuff thinks less of that merit than of his position “in Society” (as he thinks of it), which he seems fondly to imagine is due to some social gift in himself. But putting all that on one side and taking a man’s work simply, one is pretty sure, as I said, to annoy him by discrimination about it. If you really want to please him the safest thing is to praise his largest and most laboured production. He is pretty sure to like it best, and to despise by comparison the light thing he has thrown off in good spirits, by some happy fortune hitting the mark.

An Instance.

I feel sure I have gone very wrong in this way—or should have gone wrong if my aim had not been simply the Truth—in the case of Mr. Reginald Turner. He has written a goodly number of novels by now, varying, of course, in merit, but nearly all containing clear evidence of thought and observation. He is quite justified in taking himself seriously as a student of life. And out of them all I chose some time ago for special eulogy his “Imperial Brown,” which was just a merry, farcical little thing which made me laugh! Well, my apologies to Mr. Turner—*c’est plus fort que moi*. I value achievement more than endeavour, and “Imperial Brown” came off completely. Then, too, it was refreshing in its novelty, for beneath its light touch was evident an extremely intimate knowledge of French life; and I still think (with more apologies) that in his lighter moments Mr. Turner would do well to work out a “line” suggested by his cosmopolitan experience if he must keep his serious thought for this fortunate country: the exotism, combined with his humour, would give him a great success. And now I am confronted with his latest novel, which is an emphatic return to the psychological interest of English types.

“Samson Unshorn.”

Well, I won’t annoy him any more. “Samson Unshorn” (Chapman and Hall) has much finer stuff in it than many “Imperial Browns,” and perhaps, if one thinks it more open to criticism than the slighter work, that is merely because it makes one think. It is a good strong book. Its strength, to my mind, lies first in its account of the building-up of a colossal newspaper business. There has been a good deal of late about that kind of thing on the stage and in novels, but no one else has touched Mr. Turner in point of accuracy and significance on this theme. And next the strength lies in the picture of the great newspaper proprietor. It is not a portrait, and I am rather inclined to think that the men who actually have done the kind of thing have been of somewhat coarser fibre than Mr. Turner’s hero, and

without his ironical turn and perception of the humbug involved. As a picture of a steadfast, ambitious man, however, it is flawless. Or wait—I can’t help it; I must be critical or perish—there is one flaw. Would any conceivable man, passionately in love with a girl to whom he is engaged to be married, throw her over merely because she flirts with another man to pique him? I understand the idea: the masterful man must have the entire devotion of his wife



“ROOTED TO THE ROUTE: OR, THE LOST CARRIED”—A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

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and all that. But passion is passion, and this conduct seems to be inhuman. I can conceive a writer whose own love-affairs have always run smoothly—I am not impertinent enough to speculate about Mr. Turner’s—supposing that such a fault in a girl would be fatal to his love. But, alas! love affairs don’t always run smoothly, and passion is stronger than vanity in a strong man—surely? But that is my only criticism of a thoroughly good novel. Some of the lighter passages, by the way, are excellent comic observation of contemporary life. I would not discourage seriousness, but I should like Mr. Turner to cultivate his humour.

“Studies in Wives.”

I have left myself less space than I had intended for Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes’s “Studies in Wives” (Heinemann). But it does not matter, because it would not be one, but half-a-dozen theses they would start me on if I began arguing, and a whole article would not be enough for that. Each separate story is provocative of argument, because each story is a clever presentment of a byway in the relations of men and women, and one can always say, “Would he really?” or “Would she really?”—a byway, that is, from the novelist point of view; but I often think life has nothing but byways in it in these affairs. Mrs. Lowndes’s book is real life all through. There—go and read it.

N. O. I.

WATCHING AND WEIGHTING.



THE CONVIVIAL GENTLEMAN (as he gazes at the weighing-machine): Bit o' luck, thash! Watch 'our an' a half fast. Missush can't say anything thish time, cos I'll be early after all.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

CAPTAIN TOLROY'S ESCAPE.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

WHEN Captain Tolroy spoke it was almost impossible not to listen to him, for he had a peremptory and arrestive voice, emphasised by a manner which at times approached the autocratic.

He rose from his chair in the club smoking-room and, carefully biting off the end of a cigar, placed it between his lips and planted himself before the mantelpiece with his legs wide apart and his hands clasped beneath his coat-tails. Then he looked round at us.

"Talking of Ascot," he began, "that reminds me——" and he paused to light his cigar. As a matter of fact, Ascot had not been mentioned; indeed, it was rather a sore subject with some; but Captain Tolroy usually prefaced his remarks in this vague, allusive way, and so nobody offered any comment.

"Last June," he resumed, having first examined the glowing end of his cigar thoughtfully; "I went down to Eastbourne—with a purpose. You may take it from me that I generally *do* have a purpose when I go down to these confounded, out-of-the-way, fashionable seaside places, begad; and in the present instance my purpose was an airing."

"What was her name?" asked a weary voice from the depths of an armchair.

"Angelina," said the Captain; "and a confounded silly name, too. But I am coming to that presently. The whole thing was due to that idiot Bagshot—Bagshot of the Guards—know the fellow? Tall, fair man with a long moustache . . . well, I met him at Epsom on Derby Day, and we lunched together, and 'Begad, Tol,' says he, 'I can put you on to a real good thing, old chap!' 'If you mean Flyaway,' I said, but he cut me short—'I don't,' he replied. 'Tis a widow, Tol—a widow, my boy! Not a horse.' 'A widow?' I ejaculated, taken aback. 'What sort of figure, Bag?' 'Deucid fine,' says Bagshot. 'Plump as a partridge.' 'Begad,' said I, 'I don't mean her confounded waist, Sir! I mean what's she worth?' 'Four thousand a year,' says Bagshot, 'and she's down at Eastbourne with her niece, taking a course of sea-bathing. All you've got to do is to trickle down there, too, and make the running, dear boy.' 'Well, to tell you the truth, Bag,' said I, pondering, 'I'm devilish hard up at the moment, and could do with a rich widow, begad—but how the deuce am I to get hold of the lady?' 'Oh, as to that,' says Bagshot, 'it's easy, for I happen to be going down to Eastbourne to-morrow to see a young nephew of mine who's at school there, and I'll introduce you to Mrs. Limpet myself.' 'Don't fancy the name much,' said I, jibbing a bit. 'You can change it,' says he, grinning, and so we went down to Eastbourne together, begad, the following day, and put up at the Burlington, where the widow was staying with her niece.

"We met them in the hall as they were starting out, and Bagshot rushed forward and seized the widow's hand. 'My dear Mrs. Limpet!' cried he; 'this is indeed an agreeable and unexpected surprise! Whoever would have dreamed of seeing *you* here! Pray allow me to present my old and valued friend, Captain Tolroy, late of the 17th Lancers, a very distinguished officer and man of fashion—only just missed winning the Victoria Cross by an accident,' he added, in a loud aside. The widow favoured me with a most engaging smile as I bowed low. 'Begad, Madam,' said I, 'life, for the matter of that, is made up of such accidents; and permit me to remark that I consider the accident which has procured me the honour and pleasure of an introduction to you to-day the happiest that has ever befallen me, begad!' And I bowed again, with my eye on the niece. 'I should regard any friend of Major Bagshot's,' simpered the widow, casting an arch glance at Bag, 'as a most welcome acquaintance, Captain Tolstoy!' 'Ahem—Tolroy, my dear Mrs. Limpet, Tolroy,' put in Bagshot; 'no relation of the novelist's.' Then the widow introduced me to her niece, who was standing by all this

time with a demure smile on her face—and, begad, what a face it was! She was one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen—a cross between an angel and a Gaiety girl sort of type, and her figure was perfectly adorable. I fell in love with her on the spot, begad, but I put on the curb, though her eyes danced as she took my hand. From the very first moment the widow and I got on to the best of terms; in fact, she attached herself to me as naturally as her namesake might have done, and I flattered myself the game was won before it was played. Nevertheless, I deliberately laid siege to the lady's heart; I plied her with those innumerable little trifling attentions that women—especially women over forty-five—love; I pandered to her ridiculous taste for chocolate-creams, and bought her bouquets of expensive flowers every morning. I may say that it required some fortitude, begad! to make love to the widow with the niece, as it were, at your elbow all the time; but I did it. I won't deny that there were little occasional lapses when the aunt was not looking; but, to do the widow justice, she gave me precious few opportunities of transgressing in this direction. Indeed, one afternoon when I fancied I had succeeded in eluding her, Mrs. Limpet suddenly came upon Iris—that was the niece's name, by the way, Iris Vayle—the widow, begad, suddenly came upon Iris and myself sitting on a secluded seat together about a mile from the hotel, and there was quite a little scene. 'I have been hunting for you everywhere—everywhere!' cried the widow. 'I've been scouring the country for you for miles, fearing, heaven knows, that you might have fallen over Beachy Head and pup-pup-pup-perished!'

"'Gad, Madam,' said I, jumping up; 'this solicitude touches me deeply, deucid deeply, my dear lady; but the fact is your charming niece begged so hard to be taken to see the view from this eminence——' 'Captain Tolroy!' broke in Iris, red as a rose, 'how dare you utter such wicked falsehoods!' 'Falsehoods, begad?' said I in amazement; 'didn't you yourself suggest this spot as a cool and appropriate retreat to rest in—far from the madding crowd, begad, and all that kind of thing, my dear young lady?' said I. But Iris got up as stiffly as you please, and tilting her chin in the air, said she: 'Nothing of the sort, Captain Tolroy. The suggestion was your own. And I am quite certain the word "view" wasn't mentioned.' 'The omission,' said I, making a deucid elegant bow; 'was mine!' But I could see that the widow was displeased, and it took me the better part of the afternoon to pacify her. As for Iris, the lovely little minx would hardly speak to me for three days, and nothing would satisfy Mrs. Limpet but that I must take her to the same secluded seat on which she had found us and point out to her the beauties of the view, begad, from five o'clock till dinner-time. 'I love looking out over the broad, wide expanse of the ocean, like this,' she would sigh, gazing dreamily into my eyes. 'Begad, so do I, my dear madam!' said I, squeezing her hand. 'Don't call me your dear madam; it—it sounds so formal!' she protested, when we had repeated these idiotic remarks for the twentieth time. 'What would you like me to call you, my dear lady?' asked I, with a romantic smile. 'My name,' giggled she, turning away her head, 'is—is—Angelina.' 'And a deucid pretty name, too, begad!' I declared—'the sweetest name that ever love waxed weary of—and all that sort of thing, don't you know!' I added, pressing her hand again. 'Oh,' sighed the widow, returning my squeeze with interest, 'what a beautiful poetic expression, dear Captain Tolroy! I didn't know you were a poet!' 'Nor did I, begad,' I replied. 'Fact is, I culled the quotation from the works of *another* poet, my dear lady—Angelina, I mean!' 'Love,' repeated the widow in an absent tone; 'love—!' and meeting my eye suddenly, she averted her face and blushed. 'Yes,' said I, staring at an old gentleman who was approaching us, 'love is a

[Continued overleaf.]

MISUNDERSTANDINGS — A BRACE.



THE PHILANTHROPIST WHO HAS LUNCHEON (as he seeks to place a penny in the violin): How do you expect me to put it in if you keep on wobbling the beastly thing about?

DRAWINGS BY RENÉ BULL.

deucid funny thing sometimes, begad—never quite know how it's going to take you' . . . and then the old gentleman sat down beside us and began to make imbecile remarks about the weather; so said I, looking at my watch: 'Begad, Angelina, it's nearly dinner-time—we must be getting to the hotel'—and 'pon my soul, if the widow could have killed that childlike old gentleman with a glance, I believe there would have been an inquest the very same evening, begad.

"Next morning we went down to bathe as usual—you must know that they allow mixed bathing in front of the Parade Bandstand, and thus the widow and I were able to enjoy each other's society even in the sea, begad, while Iris, who disliked sea-bathing, used to sit on the Parade and watch us. Well, we went down as usual, and after securing suitable machines, were towed across the shingle. The tide happened to be a considerable distance out, and a strong breeze blowing from the south-east, the sea was deucidly rough and unpleasant. The widow, however, who had just learnt to swim, was uncommon proud of her new accomplishment, and always insisted on venturing out a hundred yards or so beyond the line of machines; and, of course, I had to follow her and pretend I liked it. As a matter of fact, Angelina was of such a buoyant build that it would have been the most difficult thing in the world to sink her. She must have weighed fifteen stone if a pound, and when she had swum herself out of breath, she would make me stand opposite her, and then we would splash each other like a couple of confounded silly school-children, begad. The widow said it was good, healthy exercise, and, begad, a man will undergo the healthiest exercise ever invented for the sake of four thousand a year, as you fellows know well enough.

"I didn't much like the look of the sea that day—confoundedly choppy and rough it was—but the widow started as usual to swim out towards France, with me in her wake. We hadn't gone twenty yards when I saw that there was going to be trouble ahead. The current sets round to the east close in-shore at this point, and owing to the low tide, we had got out further than we thought. I glanced back over my shoulder and, 'Begad, my dear Angelina,' I said, 'we seem to have swum a bit out of our course'—for we were drifting straight on to the confounded pier, begad. 'Oh,' said the widow, looking round, and 'Oh!' she cried again with a little gasp, 'where *are* you taking me to, Doodles?'—"Doodles," I must explain, was the confounded idiotic pet-name she had invented for me the evening before, after we had returned from our walk. 'Taking you to, begad!' I retorted with some heat; 'it's the confounded sea that's taking you, my dear Angelina, not I! We've got caught in some infernal current, begad!' The widow gave a squeal of dismay. 'It's the Gulf Stream!' she exclaimed. 'I was told it—it came round here somewhere. . . oh, Doodles, we shall be drowned!' 'Gad, in that case,' said I, 'we may expect to fetch up somewhere on the American coast, begad.' 'I could never swim so far,' says she, quite seriously. 'Support me, Doodles, support me! I—I believe I'm sinking!' I knew there was no danger of that, but I made a clutch at her arm all the same, and the jerk caused her to ship a mouthful of water, which as near as possible choked her. 'The pier!' she spluttered, as soon as she could speak, 'we must make for the pier,' and struck out wildly, leaving me a couple of lengths behind. 'Gad, Madam,' I called after her, 'I'm not a confounded Holbein, and I'm hanged if I can keep up with you, begad, if you swim at that pace'—for what with the exertion of swimming and talking at the same time, I was beginning to feel a bit exhausted, as you may imagine. The widow slowed down at that, and I came abreast of her again. 'Doodles,' she murmured, 'something tells me we are going to be drowned.' 'Then, begad, my dear Angelina,' said I, 'I wish the dickens it had told you so before we started' . . . and at that moment a small pleasure-boat seemed to heave up out of the sea just in front of our noses, and only missed running down the widow by a hair's-breadth.

"A boatman was rowing it, and in the stern sat an amiable-looking old clergyman with white hair and whiskers, who leaned over and smiled benevolently at us through his spectacles. 'Dear me! Enjoying a little swim?' he chirruped, peering with mild curiosity at Angelina. 'Begad, Sir,' cried I, 'there's deucid little enjoyment in being carried out to sea by a confounded strong current, let me tell you. And we're both precious near drowned already.' 'Dear me!' muttered the old clergyman again, with an air of gentle clerical interest. 'Is there a current here?' 'If,' said I, 'you'll have the goodness to step out of that boat for a moment you'll precious soon see whether there's a current or not, my dear Sir, and——' 'It's the Gulf Stream,' put in the widow, as she made a grab at the gunwale. 'Dear me!' said the old boy for the third time; 'I'd no idea, I had not the faintest conception that the—the Gulf Stream travelled into these latitudes!' 'Begad! nor did I till Angelina told me,' I replied, clutching hold of the gunwale on the other side. 'If you ain't careful, Sir,' said the boatman, 'you and the lady'll go for to upset us.' 'Bless me, my dear friends, pray don't do that!' entreated the old gentleman mildly. 'The probability is that we should all get drowned together, for I assure you I am a very indifferent swimmer—very indifferent indeed!' The boat was certainly beginning to rock deucid unsteadily from side to side, and, if the boatman hadn't shifted suddenly towards me, the widow's superior weight would have capsized it, and precipitated

the old parson into the water the next moment. 'Lift me in!' clamoured Angelina, bobbing up on the top of a wave—'lift me in at once!' 'Bless my heart, Madam,' exclaimed the old clergyman, in a shocked tone, 'I couldn't think of it! I—I am a bachelor!' 'Beside, there ain't room,' put in the boatman rudely. 'But if the lady'll keep hold of the edge of the boat and not jump about like what she's doing now and jolly near a-upsettin of us, I'll tow her and the gent into shallow water, which ain't more'n a dozen yards off.' 'Gad, my good fellow, tow away,' says I, 'so long as you tow us out of this confounded current, begad!' 'There ain't no current 'ere as I knows on,' Sir, grinned the man; 'leastways, none to speak of. There ain't no sort of current not within two-hundred yards of where you was.' 'Then,' said I, 'we must have been blown out of our course by this confounded wind; else how the deuce did we get here, begad?' 'It's very singular—very singular indeed,' admitted the old gentleman, blinking placidly through his spectacles. 'I think, however, if you will allow me to express an opinion on the point, that the expedient suggested by this worthy fellow is, perhaps, the best that we can adopt under the circumstances—eh, my dear friends?' and he beamed first at me and then at the widow, who by this time had recovered her breath, and, I could see, was ready to start swimming again on the slightest provocation; so—'Begad!' I struck in, 'I think so too, Sir; and the sooner we adopt it the better, begad, for I'm beginning to feel confoundedly chilly, let me tell you.' On that the boatman commenced to pull lustily, and before the widow had time to remonstrate we had got within easy distance of the shore, and I could just touch the bottom with my toes. . . .

"After this little adventure, in which the widow and I had been brought face to face with death together, begad, I felt that the time had come for me to make her a formal proposal; for although, as you see, we had reached a certain stage of intimacy in our relations, I had so far permitted no word of marriage to escape my lips. The next afternoon, therefore, I decided to put it to the touch—as the Johnnie in the song says—and gain or lose that four thousand a year, begad, for I'd begun to have enough of trying to swim the confounded Channel every day, and talking sentimental rubbish on secluded seats, and all that sort of thing; so after lunch I knocked at the door of the widow's private sitting-room, where, as a rule, we indulged in a little chat together before starting for our daily ramble, and, finding her alone, opened fire at once, begad, for I knew Iris might rush in at any moment and surprise us in a fond attitude—as she very often did, by Jove, the mischievous little minx.

"After our terrible experience in the Channel yesterday, begad,' I began, 'when I saved your life, my Angelina—'; but, 'Oh, Doodles!' simpered the widow, 'it was *I* who—who saved yours!' 'Gad, my dear creature,' said I loftily, 'we won't argue the point—let's say we both saved each other's, begad—but a thing like that seems to draw two people deucid close together,' said I—and to prove my words I drew my chair close up to hers and, seizing hold of her hand, raised it to my lips. 'Oh, Doodles,' squealed the widow, 'you naughty, naughty little man!' 'Naughty, begad,' said I, preparing to tackle her cheek, 'who could help being naughty with such a deucid, adorable little tricksy as you, my angel!' said I, folding her to my breast, when suddenly, begad, as I was in the act of implanting a chaste salute on her brow, the door opened, and a waiter came into the room, with a telegram on a salver. 'What the deuce d'ye mean, Sir, by blundering in here without knocking, deuce take you, begad?' said I, starting to my feet. 'I knocked three times, Sir,' replied the fellow, 'but couldn't make you hear. A telegram for you, Sir, and the boy is waiting to know if there's any answer.' I took the telegram, and tearing open the envelope, read the following confounded message, begad, while the widow leaned back in her chair, fanning herself furiously—

Fearful mistake. Niece four thousand. Widow nothing.—Bagshot.

"No answer,' said I, turning fiercely on the waiter, as I crumpled the telegram in my hand. Then I wiped the perspiration from my forehead, for, begad, it had been the nearest squeak of my life, and with a solemn face said I to the widow—'Madam, I am summoned hence instantly . . . grave news, deucid grave news, I'm sorry to say, which compels me to catch the next train to town, begad.' 'Oh, Doodles!' murmured the widow, 'is it so *very* serious as all that?' 'Serious? I should think it *was* serious, begad!' said I; 'I must leave at once.' 'But you'll come back?' said the widow, eyeing me suspiciously. I took her hand, and, pressing it fervently, made her a low bow. 'Madam,' said I, 'you may depend on it, begad!' and before she could reply, I had fled from the room."

"And, of course, Tol, you *did* go back?" inquired the voice from the armchair.

Captain Tolroy glared at the speaker through his eyeglass.

"Do you take me for a confounded fool, Sir, begad?" he demanded sternly. Then he shook his head and sighed. "It was a deucid merciful escape," he added with an air of profound conviction—"deucid merciful!"

"For the widow?" queried someone. But the Captain disdained to reply.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Marquis di San Giuliano is becoming one of the most popular of the present very popular group of Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's, and his dinner last week went with a swing that can only be suggested by the delighted gestures of the first Italian gentleman in England. Two other Ambassadors, and their wives, were at his table, and Cabinet Ministers mingled with bitterest Tory Peers. May we, then, compliment the host on the way that he marshalled his forces? For a tale that was told at his table reminds one that, while Ambassadors are among the most amiable of men, their wives may not be lightly reckoned with. It was a hundred years ago, and the host contrived, in his cowardice, to be on the other side of the door to hand down to supper her who came out of the ball-room first. The French Ambassadors and the Duchess of Bedford were the rival queens: the latter made a faint offer to give place to the Ambassador's wife; she returned it, and the other briskly accepted; upon which the

Ambassadors, with some "slimness," made all the other women go before her, and then asked the Duke of Bedford if he would go too. All London took sides, and the ladies never spoke together again.

A Handful of Duchesses.

ADOPTED CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR THE WEDNESBURY DIVISION OF STAFFORDSHIRE: MR. NORTON GRIFFITHS.

Mr. Griffiths is well known as the managing director of Griffiths and Co., Contractors, Limited.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.

a golden opportunity. They had five Duchesses, and the pick of them for looks. The Duchess of Rutland is always picturesque. The Duchess of Marlborough is elegance incarnate, "half bird," as Browning once said his wife was. The Duchess of Sutherland has that interesting duality of face which is so attractive—she is all of the modern ball-room at one moment, and at another a model for the loveliest of Sassoferrato's Madonnas. The Duchess of Portland, in her height, might take the part of the middle finger—the "second," the musicians call it—in the handful of Duchesses. There was the Duchess of Leeds, too, adding to her popularity with every word. The Argentines found the five English Duchesses very light in hand, and they made the evening an undoubted success.

Rudyard to the Rescue. Mr. Kipling's allusions to South Africa in his last poem show that his convictions have not suffered the same dilution as those of so many of his countrymen who, during the war, were as fiercely anti-Boerish as himself. Lady Burne-Jones has failed to convert her illustrious nephew, and he must retain the nickname of "The Cape Medlar" that was bestowed upon him by a few privileged familiars in time of war. Mr. Kipling

accepts a nickname as readily as he gives one. But when a small hostile crowd threatened the Rottingdean window-panes of Lady Burne-Jones, who had been discovered for a pro-Boer, he said a few assuaging words and went his way, having meddled to good purpose.

Novelists a Playwrights.

Many playwrights have begun life as novelists, witness Dumas fils in France and Mr. Somerset Maugham in England. But as a rule these writers had not already attained fame as story-tellers. At the present moment famous romancers are eagerly turning to the stage. Mr. A. E. W. Mason seems determined to win the dramatist's laurels. Sir A. Conan Doyle has already done so, and now comes the news that "Elizabeth of the German Garden" has entered the lists with a charming comedy based on her story, "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight." There are rumours, too, that "Daphne," Mrs. Humphry Ward's short novel, may be dramatised ere long, and the adaptation for the stage of popular stories has become quite a profitable industry to those busy bees connected with "the profession" who do so much excellent work of which the public hears little or nothing.

A Society Play.

The secret of the plot of Mrs. George Cornwallis West's (Lady Randolph Churchill) play is being very well kept. Everyone who sees it regards it

as quite a wonderful effort on the part of its brilliant writer, but no one says what it is all about. Mrs. West is familiar with a great variety of worlds, including, of course, "sets" differing as widely, while meeting at certain points, as the political and racing sets. She is an inveterate playgoer both in London and Paris, and possesses in daily life a keen sense of humour. All this promises well for her play.

The Grandest Fate.

The Romans thought it the grandest of fates to die for one's country, and it is this which has befallen that splendid servant of King and country, Sir William Curzon Wyllie. Political assassination is far rarer in England than it is on the Continent, and our roll of martyrs is proportionately less long than that of France or Spain. No event of the kind that concluded so tragically a festive gathering last Thursday has aroused so deep a feeling of horror and indignation since the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in the Phoenix Park. The crime brings home to us the grave character of the political problem in India, and will doubtless influence our treatment of Indian agitators both there and here.



VALUED AT £40 AN OUNCE: MRS. ASHTON CROSS'S CHAMPION PEKIN CHU-ERH.

Chu-erh was the cause of great interest at the recent show of the Pekin Palace Dog Association. He weighs about eight pounds, and his owner has refused £5000 for him. He has won fourteen championships, over two hundred first prizes, and took various further honours on the occasion referred to, including Mr. Pierpont Morgan's 100-guinea challenge-cup.—[Photograph by Sports Co.]



A PROMINENT POLITICAL HOSTESS: MRS. LIONEL WALROND.

Mrs. Lionel Walrond, who has now been married exactly five years, has become a very prominent political hostess. She is an enthusiastic politician, and was certainly instrumental in the return of her husband to Parliament. Having inherited from her mother, Mrs. George Coats, an exceptional gift of entertaining, she gathers round her at her country house many brilliant house-parties. Her only sister is Lady Douro.

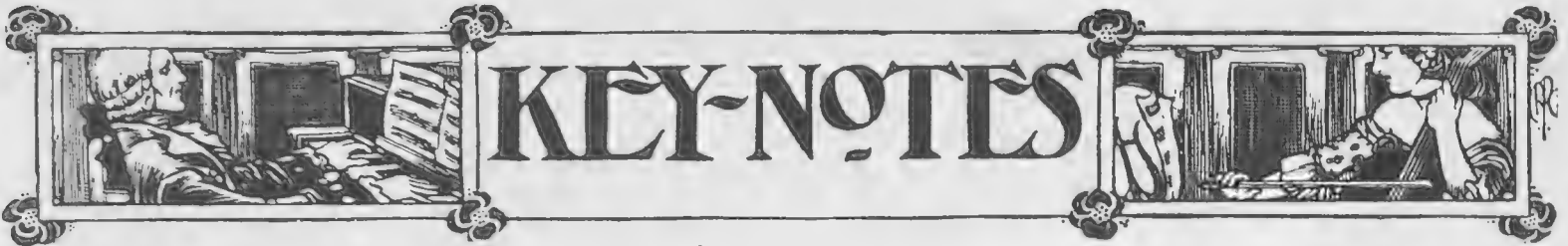
Photograph by Bassano.



AUTHOR OF "THE ISLE OF MAN" AND VARIOUS OTHER BOOKS: MISS AGNES HERBERT.

Miss Herbert's new book is to be published immediately. She is well known as the author of "Two Dianias in Alaska" and "Two Dianias in Somaliland."

Photograph by Jenkins.



A. New Singer. Miss Bessie Mark, who made a first appearance in London last week at the Bechstein Hall, assisted by a small contingent of the London Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. René Ortmans, is a young singer who should take a high position in our midst. She has a soprano voice of great range and purity, and has evidently made a special study of the florid operatic music that has given so many prima-donnas the best opportunity for the display of their gifts. The nervousness associated with the first performance may well have accounted for a little initial roughness and uncertainty that passed as the singer warmed to her work, and before the evening was over it was clear that, if Miss Mark is content to continue her studies, she will take a very high position, and may aspire to the honours of grand opera. Few first appearances are as promising. Miss Mark was assisted by Mme. Maria Carreras, who played Chopin's Concerto in E minor very beautifully; and Mr. Ortmans secured delightful renderings of Mozart's "Figaro" Overture, and Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," which he directed with full appreciation of the existing limitations.

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's Concert. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke is a young and extremely talented composer in a hurry. Little more than ten years have passed since he left the Academy, and his output in that time has been considerable—as considerable in amount as it has been unequal in quality. His symphonic poems, "The Raven," "An Ode to Victory," "The Skeleton in Armour," "Ulalume," "Queen Mab," and the rest are full of interest, but between what is best and what is worst in the writing there is a great gulf fixed. Mr. Holbrooke is greatly daring. His sense of things orchestral is very considerable, but he is seldom at pains to make all his meaning clear, and there are times when ugliness and obscurity assert themselves, and persist in most unsatisfactory fashion. All his

merits as composer, and most of his faults, were revealed at the concert given at the Queen's Hall last week by Mr. Thomas Beecham's Orchestra, when Mr. Beecham, Mr. Holbrooke, and Mr. Allen Gill shared the responsibility and honours of the conductor's desk. Sooner or later Mr. Holbrooke will find himself, and the ripe expression of his genius should be very beautiful; but a period of rigorous self-criticism must needs precede his arrival. The Alexandra Palace Choir, Miss Edith Evans, Mr. Grainger-Kerr, Mr. Alfred Heather, and Mr. Charles Knowles assisted at the concert, in which every item save one was from Mr. Holbrooke's pen. This item was merely Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, brilliantly played by Mr. Victor Benham.

At the Opera. Progress at Covent Garden is not quite as rapid as it might be just now, in view of the fact that the season will come to an end in another three weeks, and we have yet to hear Laparra's "Habañera" and Baron D'Erlanger's "Tess," to say nothing of certain promised revivals, such as "Romeo and Juliette," in which artists like M. Dalmorés and Mme. Kousnietzoff fill the title-roles so delightfully. The institution of matinée performances is to be noted, for they are not generally associated with the Grand Season; perhaps they must be regarded as a significant reminder that the present is the only opera season Covent Garden is likely to know in 1909. The revival of ballet at Covent Garden has been interesting, but half-hearted. If London were not interested in fine dancing the authorities at the Empire Theatre would hardly have been at great pains and expense to persuade Mlle. Genée to dance in the ballet from Meyerbeer's opera "Robert the Devil." On the other hand, if it be granted that London is interested in ballet, how comes it that our great prima-ballerina dances in operatic ballet, not at Covent Garden, but in Leicester Square? There is surely something wrong somewhere.

COMMON CHORD.



THE NEW COVENT GARDEN BARITONE: M. FORSELL, WHO MADE HIS LONDON DÉBUT THE OTHER DAY AS DON GIOVANNI.

Our photograph shows the Swedish singer as Iokaan in Richard Strauss's "Salome."—[Photograph by Heckscher.]



SINGER IN GRAND OPERA AT DRURY LANE: MME. MARIA GAY AS ORPHEUS IN GLUCK'S "ORFEO."

Mme. Maria Gay appeared at Drury Lane last week in Gluck's "Orfeo," and it is arranged that later in the season she shall be heard in Leoncavallo's "Zaza."

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



The Automobile Association.

Only motorists who drive much in the home counties can really appreciate the work of the Automobile Association in all its branches. In all respects it is a marvel of organisation, and reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned. Without the Association's patrol organisation (and nothing favourable can be said of the embittered criticism of this) the main roads for a hundred miles round the Metropolis would have been rendered impossible to motorists. Although originally conceived with a view to the protection of members from the primitive practices of the police, the association has gone on to other things, and now offers the best two-guineas'-worth of any of the motoring bodies. It has its A.A. agents, and its hotels; its members can have all the touring information they require, both for home and foreign use; it has a special insurance policy and a drivers' department.

Free Law.

Now it has gone one better, very much better indeed, for hard upon Mr. R. L. Martin's success before the High Court, the Association has completed arrangements whereby free legal defence is now afforded to its members. What this really means is that every member is entitled to the advice of solicitors upon any question arising under the Motor Car Act, 1903, and to be defended by them, or a duly appointed agent, in any proceedings under the Act, in any police-court in the United Kingdom, in respect of offences committed during membership.

Why Are We Not Kicking?

Really, the fight against the clauses of the Finance Bill which most nearly affect motorists and motoring has been a very weak and poor one up to the present. So far as public knowledge goes, the Motor Union, by its energetic chairman, Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P., has stood in the breach alone. Mr. Hicks has divided the House on the petrol clauses upon more than one occasion, and though, of course, his objections were overruled by a large majority, there is something tangible in his opposition. The other bodies are always to be blessed—that is to say that we hear of deputations to be received and representations galore to

be made at some time or other. Every other interest that is hit badly by this Budget is screaming out loud; it is the automobile world which to outward seeming is taking its dose lying down. The rumour to the effect that the petrol tax would be abandoned owing to the great costliness of collection is, I am afraid, too good to be true.

What Can Escape the Budget?

The petrol duty has fired the brains of scientists and inventors, who just now appear to be scouring nature in search of a fuel for use with motor-car engines which shall prove the proverbial coach-and-four to the Finance Act. I question very much, however, if Homoil gets round the Budget, for a certain friend of mine learned in the hydrocarbons seems to suggest that it is unwashed benzol. If so, it is, of course, caught in the hydrocarbon net; and should the Grunewald carburetter (which appears to be a cylinder filled with non-absorbent balls through which the fuel is drawn by the engine-suction) create any great demand for this fuel its price will very shortly leap to that of petrol. Nevertheless, I believe the public have been quite attracted to the idea of Homoil, probably with the notion that they are so encouraging home industries.

Reliability Trials Still Required.

I am pleased to see that, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of a certain section of the industry, one at least of the technical journals stoutly combats the suggestion that no more trials are required. Let those who essay to make this suggestion

study the tabulated daily results of the Scottish Trials which appeared in detail a few days ago. Apart altogether from trivial mishaps, such as driving-engine stops, tightening a fan-belt, changing a sparking-plug, or adjusting brakes, there were quite a few serious failures, which would have resulted in great annoyance to a private owner touring over the same route. Many of the makers who entered cars must now be taking their designers seriously to task with regard to radiator efficiency, and will insist on bigger cooling-areas, larger water-pipes, and, where the thermosiphon system is not adopted, pumps capable of throwing more water. The results of the Scottish Trials fully warrant the Scottish Automobile Club in contemplating trials in 1910.

[Continued on a later page.]



A MEMORIAL MADE WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS: THÉRY, THE GREAT RACING MOTORIST.

This portrait of Théry, the great motorist who died at so early an age, is the work of M. M. Rollet, and was made with a pair of scissors as the only tool.—[Photograph by Grahame Ellery and Co.]



THE GREAT INVENTOR WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF THE STORAGE BATTERY: MR. EDISON IN FRONT OF HIS HOME, LLEWELLYN PARK, NEW JERSEY (WITH HIS YOUNGEST SON, THEODORE).

Edison, the best known of all living American inventors, believes that he has at last solved the problem of the storage battery, with which he has been engaged for a considerable time. The cells of the battery, according to the "Telegraph," vary in weight from 13½ lb. to 18 lb. "A 60-cell battery of 18 lb. each is the kind that will carry a one-ton truck from London to Southampton in less than a third of the time it would take a team of horses to haul the same load." Mr. Edison, quoted by the same paper, says: "The process of recharging the battery is as simple and easy as pumping a bicycle-tire full of air. All that is necessary is to carry a pump along and hitch it to the nearest wire, then pump away, and in a jiffy your battery will be recharged and you are ready to resume your journey."—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Goodwood. The Sussex fortnight will open at Goodwood on July 27. One of the chief items of the meeting will be the Stewards' Cup, which was first run in 1840. A capital entry has been received for this year's race, including Moorcock, a three-year-old owned by His Majesty the King. The weights are not published until July 15, but as there are no acceptances, a big betting-list will no doubt be forthcoming as soon as the imposts are known. Master Hopson is entered, and is very likely to go close; while Americus Girl, St. Michan, and Jack Snipe will be backed if they are not overweighted. The Goodwood Cup, which is run over two and a half miles, will be a pretty race to watch. The Hon. George Lambton has Glacis and Cocksure II. engaged, and one of the two may win; although Laomedia, trained by Alec Taylor, has been specially saved for something big, and this may be it. The Goodwood Plate is run over two and a quarter miles. Asticot, a winner over the course, is engaged here, and he may go close; while Boulter's Lock, Dibs and Pure Gem are very likely to run well, and a note should be made of Laughing Mirror, who has a tantalising habit of finishing second. A popular win would be Lady de Bathe's Yentoi, who cut up so badly at Ascot. The two-year-old races will, I think, be very interesting. The King has one or two useful youngsters that are to run. The going is always of the best at Goodwood, and Mr. Hussey, who is the new clerk-of-the-course, in succession to Mr. Dundas, has been unremitting in his attentions to the track. As royalty are to be at Goodwood House for the races, it should be a big social success.

Three-Year-Olds. The three-year-old form has received a set-back of late, though it is a pleasant matter to some of us that Bayardo has at last shown his true form. I always contended that Bayardo was much below himself, both in the Guineas and in the Derby, and there now can be no doubt that he was not right up to concert pitch before he ran and won at Sandown the other day. The recent running of Louviers, Valens, and William the Fourth does not say much for the Derby win of Minoru, but I am told the King's colt is very likely to improve on his work, and he is certain, on his breeding, to develop into a stayer. We may safely assume that the St. Leger will resolve itself into a match between Minoru and Bayardo, and if I had to give a tip right off, I should go for the King's colt; for Bayardo is, perhaps, a horse of moods.

When he is good, he is good; but when he is bad, he is very bad indeed. He has an evil eye, and it may be that he is possessed of a will of his own. At the same time, we have had a taste of his quality when thoroughly wound up; but it has yet to be proved that he could successfully stay the mile-and-three-quarters of the Doncaster course. It is worthy of note here that all through the ante-post betting period on the Derby the Continental list-men would never lay more than 3 to 1 against Bayardo, and then, too, when 6 and 8 could be got about his chance in the open market.

Enterprise. It is an Englishman's privilege to grumble—that is why I am continually having a word or two with racecourse officials. I saw at Longchamp the other day

the stands beautifully decorated with flowers. The scene was a remarkable one, and I thought some of our officials might take a leaf out of the Frenchmen's book. True, at Ascot the Royal Stand is buried in plants and flowers, while at Kempton, Lingfield, and Sandown floral decorations are prominent. But at some meetings the stands look as deadly dull as a schoolroom for the want of a little lighting up. I cannot say I agree with the French method of starting races. In the long-distance events the starter



A SHOWER-PATH WHILE RACING: SYRINGING A CYCLIST.

The photograph shows a cyclist receiving a douche of cold water from a syringe while engaged in a long-distance race.

Photograph by Roll.

allows them to be on the move when the tapes go up. I can fancy this sort of thing happening here in a five-furlong event, with a smart jockey like Trigg riding. He would be, at times, ten lengths ahead before some of the little boys had started, and under these conditions the sprints would be won at the start. Many of the French jockeys, in my opinion, do not know how to ride. They have no idea of pace, and, as a result, their horses are run to a standstill before half the distance has been covered. These methods would not appeal to our professional backers, who will not knowingly take any risks whatever when they plank their money down. The French jockeys are too effervescent. This remark does not apply to Stern, who is a splendid rider, and he could at all times hold his own with our best men. He keeps cool, and displays telling judgment when riding a close finish. While I am about it, I may say that the runners at Longchamp go up in the frames at the one time. In England, the bookmakers get the starters and jockeys before the backers get a look at them.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Why Not a Beautiful Dummy?

When July comes, even the most untiring female—especially the variety which lives chiefly to change her clothes—begins to feel a trifle fatigued, and if she is a beauty to boot, she has the additional strain of keeping up her reputation before a snippy and critical world. There is a famous wit among the dons at Oxford who ruthlessly cancels the most important dinner engagements if, as he says, he “is not in his usual form.” Many a famous Society beauty would like to act in the same heartless manner, only that women—being all potential hostesses themselves—have too much regard for the unwritten social laws to perpetrate such an outrage. Yet how much fatigue and boredom might be obviated if certain ornamental but inarticulate members of Society could send their new frocks to a party and go quietly to bed themselves. The lady whose fripperies and jewels are so assiduously chronicled in the morning papers might hang these beautiful and glittering things upon a double or dummy, who could glide through half-a-dozen drawing-rooms of an evening exhibiting a gown and a tiara, what time the owner thereof was cosily asleep? 'Tis a radiant idea, and only requires a Duchess with courage to set the fashion and carry it out.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING CHIFFON-AND-LACE BLOUSE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

Man, it appears, or at any rate the young man, is once more to dazzle the town with what is known to florists as a “buttonhole,” but which in reality is a pink carnation; for no other flower—not even the peerless orchid—is to be suffered to decorate the manly breast this season. This revival of an intermittent fashion is certainly to be encouraged, for the wearing of a flower implies a certain amount of gaiety and optimism, qualities of which we are sadly in need just now; for it cannot be said that the mood of England is anything approaching *folâtre* at the present hour. With all the rush and dazzle of the season, with imposing and regal ceremonies, Imperial conferences, returning heroes, beauty all smiles and fripperies, and a superficiality of well-being, there is a deep feeling of unrest and disquiet below the surface. The young man, then, should be encouraged to show a bold front and a merry eye, and mount the gayest flower of all the garden on the lapel of his coat. Who knows if the new mode may not enhearten Britons once more, that a blood-red carnation may be symbolic of Victory and a pink bloom may not be envisaged in the light of a *panache*? Every great cause has had a flower, a cockade, a flag. These things are but a symbol, and by symbols the world is led.

Man and His Carnation.

Plus ça Change, Plus C'est La Même Chose. “A flight of thirty-four miles within an hour and a quarter,” writes the lady, recounting her unique experience with retrospective tremors, while she proceeds to confess: “I was dreadfully frightened before it started; it seemed certain that I should faint . . . and the impossibility of getting the horrid thing stopped!” Thus did people recount their sensational experiences

when first the new mode of travel began. They buttonholed all and sundry, orally or by letter. They wrote long and bloodcurdling descriptions of the new and dangerous means of locomotion. It was enough to have entered the horrible machine to be accounted a heroine. Tales of accidents were bandied about, and the untoward fate of the first pioneer or two was held up as an awful warning to the fools who rushed upon their fate. Many people of conservative views refused ever to avail themselves of the new breakneck device for travelling. Yet the words I have quoted do not apply to an air-ship, but were written by the vivacious and by no means timid Jane Welsh Carlyle, and describe her first journey in a railway-train between Manchester and Liverpool in 1836. The ladies who now enjoy travelling “by air,” and who have even formed themselves into an “Aero Club,” have obviously far stouter nerves than their grandmothers. For danger has become the pleasure of the rich and great, and no sport or pastime is held in the highest esteem by both men and women to-day unless there is the off-chance of sudden and appalling disaster.

A Pope with a Sense of Humour.

The pious American Catholics who recently presented the Pope with a motor-car (lined with satin) must have had the very smallest sense of humour, as well as a curious ignorance of conditions in Rome, and, above all, at the Vatican. His Holiness never leaves the grounds of his palace. Of what use, then, would be the swiftest automobile that French or English workshops could turn out? Then his very name, his august functions, his settled claim to Infallibility, preclude the idea of such an illustrious personage “scorching” along a road behind a chauffeur at a wheel. It proves how very modern is the imagination of the American citizen, that any number of them could have actually purchased and fitted up a motor-car to present to their spiritual father. To the American, enamoured of hustle and speed, the motor is the triumph of the age, the one thing necessary to enjoyment, the last word of luxury. In the Vatican they envisage things more from a mediæval point of view, and the present Pope is said to be endowed with a nice sense of humour and an engaging simplicity which must make him smile at the misplaced generosity of his Transatlantic children. There are, indeed, centuries between an Infallible church and the cylinders of a 60-h.p. motor-car.



[Copyright.]

A SMART COAT OF PALEST-BLUE SHANTUNG, WITH REVERS AND CUFFS OF DARK-BLUE SILK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

Plus ça Change, Plus C'est La Même Chose.

“A flight of thirty-four miles within an hour and a quarter,” writes the lady, recounting her unique experience with retrospective tremors, while she proceeds to confess: “I was dreadfully frightened before it started; it seemed certain that I should faint . . . and the impossibility of getting the horrid thing stopped!” Thus did people recount their sensational experiences

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Court Dancing.

At a State Ball dancing takes a secondary place. A large proportion of the guests do not dance at all. Everyone is anxious to secure a view of the Royal Quadrille, danced directly their Majesties and the members of the royal family have entered the ball-room. Such of the guests as have not secured positions there go where they can see the royal procession pass by. The floor-space at Buckingham Palace is not vast, and the guests number two thousand five hundred. Supper in the marble-panelled room, which was done from designs by the Prince Consort, is a stand-up affair served at a buffet all round the room. Those invited to their Majesties' supper sit, but the meal is the same and all is of the very best. The Queen and the Princesses choose their partners. Her Majesty dances only squares, the Princess of Wales loves valse (which is so spelled in the programmes and so pronounced in Court circles), Princess Victoria dances a little, Princess Patricia of Connaught much. The royal circle is for about three quarters of an hour in the ball-room before they go to supper, and they do not return again to the dance.

Dress for a Court Ball.

The choice of dress for a ball at Buckingham Palace used to be limited. Because of the scarlet and blue and gold of the uniforms it was considered best for ladies to wear only white, black, or green. Now we love colour, although few are bold enough to wear red dresses, which would be killed by the scarlet of the uniforms. Pink, yellow, green, blue, mauve, are all worn, while gold and silver dresses are the last words in ball attire. The Countess of Northbrook, Lady Northcote, and Lady Inverclyde, were in gold gowns, gold net wrought with gold over cloth of gold, or in Lady Northbrook's case, over creamy-tinted satin shot with gold. The Countess of Crewe, the Hon. Alexandra Vivian, and the Hon. Mrs. Erskine were among the silver-draped ladies. The Countess of Portsmouth was in pink, Mrs. Asquith in queer Oriental gold, greens, and silver-blues; the Princess of Pless was all in soft white, with a quantity of pearls; Lady Juliet Duff in bright blue and silver, Viscountess Lewisham in bright moiré-hued satin, Lady Farquhar in mauve. White-and-silver was almost a uniform for girls, and it proved a delightfully pretty one.

Father Thames' Festival.

A coat of palest-blue shantung with revers and cuffs of dark-blue silk, a drawing of which appears on "Woman's Ways" page, was a judicious choice for Henley. It is quite smart and light, yet warm. A chiffon-and-lace blouse, illustrated on the same page, with a touch of embroidery in pale and dark blue worn under the coat, is very dressy and nice for wearing at houseboat and house luncheon-parties.

Hogarthian Garb.

It was a good idea of the University College lads and lasses to get themselves up in the dress of Hogarth's time. Very well they did it, too. The designs were made for them by Mr. Rothenstein, and although they were not expensively carried out, they were correct and most effective. It is prophesied that the panier period is about to make a rentrée. There were trim enough figures tripping about the College grounds to make us hope that the prophecy may come true. The coloured coats and neck-cloths of the men were also delightful. Those, I imagine, will remain in the past, having emerged for that occasion only. It was all very merry and very gay and very successful—one of the brightest fêtes of this rather sulky season.

Slacking Off.

There are no signs as yet that this queer London Season is coming to an end, yet it is doing so surely if slowly. There have been any number of small functions, and very few great ones. Possibly the last may be the best. There is another State Ball, and the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown next week will mean a great concourse of smart people at the pretty racecourse at Esher; there are a few garden-parties announced, and some concerts.

One of the most interesting features of the Pageant at Bath during the third week in July will be the close association of many of the spectators and a few of the actors with the personages represented. The Duke of Connaught, who, with the Duchess, inaugurates the first performance on July 19, is the great-grandson of Queen Charlotte, and the kinsman of the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Amelia, who figure in Episodes VII. and

VIII. respectively. The living Lord Fairfax will gaze on the scene of his famous ancestor's warlike achievements of 1645; the Marquess of Bath (the President of the Pageant) had no fewer than three ancestors amongst those who welcomed Queen Charlotte to Bath in 1817; while descendants of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Piozzi, Lord Keith, Lord Saumarez, and Sir James Fellowes are all expected to be present.

There are just now some very noted visitors to our country, whose one desire seems to be that of avoiding the lionising process. First on the list, perhaps, should be put Prince and Princess Kuni of Japan, who are travelling as Count and Countess Kano. Rarely indeed does Oriental royalty enjoy a "real" holiday of the kind, and no greater proof of the change in Japanese ideals of conduct could be imagined than this interesting stay in London of their Royal Highnesses. Yet another of our visitors, whose fame is world-wide wherever French is read, is Pierre Loti, the poet-novelist, who seems equally at home in extreme Eastern waters and in his beloved native Brittany. M. Loti is being a good deal lionised, however, in a quiet way by smart society.

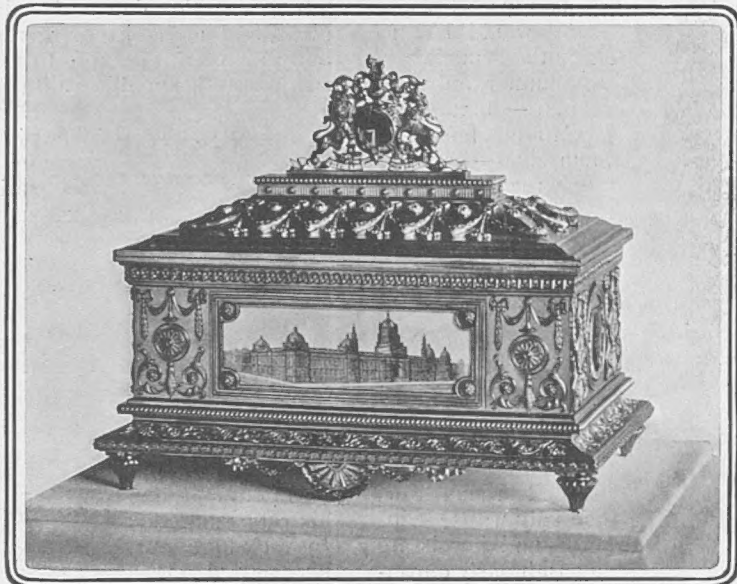
The Royal Geographical Society on June 28 gave a banquet in honour of Lieutenant Shackleton. The banquet took place in the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, and amongst the guests present were H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Major Leonard Darwin (president of the society), the Italian Ambassador, Lord Annaly, Lord Iveagh, Lord Lamington, Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont, Admiral Sir James Bruce, Admiral Sir F. Richards, Admiral Mostyn Field, Sir C. Morrison-Bell, Sir Philip Brockle-

hurst, Sir H. Bulwer, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Sir Martin Conway, Sir William Garstin, Sir David Gill, Sir Clement Hill, Sir J. Hills-Johnes, Sir Duncan Johnston, Sir John Kirk, Sir Ronald Lane, Sir G. Mackenzie, Sir Claud Macdonald, Sir W. H. Manning, Sir A. H. Markham, Sir Henry McMahon, Sir C. Scott Moncrieff, Sir West Ridgeway, Sir E. H. Seymour, Sir Henry Trotter, Sir Allen Young, Captain R. F. Scott, Professor W. W. Watts, Dr. J. Scott Keltie, Dr. H. Shackleton, Mr. F. Shackleton, Mr. E. N. Buxton, etc. The Empress Rooms were very artistically decorated with palms and banks of flowers, and the tables were handsomely arranged with groups of pink roses, and representations of features of the expedition, such as the *Nimrod*, sleighs with dogs, etc., artistically modelled in ices and sweets. Characteristic names were given to the various dishes on the menu, the whole effect being very much in harmony with the object of the dinner.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the organiser of the Fresh Air Fund,

is once more appealing for subscriptions towards this excellent institution, whose object is to give country holidays to poor town children in all our great cities. The Fresh Air Fund knows no distinction of place or creed, and it has been called "the cheapest of charities," since all expenses are borne by the newspapers under Mr. Pearson's control and by the Ragged School Union, of which Sir John Kirk is secretary. "If you send the small sum of ninepence," writes Mr. Pearson, "you can rely absolutely upon the fact that a slum child will have a whole day in the country, with plenty of good food and games. . . . A small sum, ninepence—nothing, perhaps, to you, but what may it not mean when once it has come into the coffers of the Fresh Air Fund? It may mean the happiest day in the life of a child. It may mean that some poor, little, undergrown, underfed child of Slumland sees, for the first time in its life, God's country. If you remit ten shillings . . . a weak or ailing child will be sent away for a whole fortnight. . . . A donation of £8 2s. means that a 'Name Day' will be allotted to you . . . and a special party of 200 children will be despatched from the slums in your honour. . . . This feature is most popular with our soldiers and sailors, so that now the names of many regiments and ships in his Majesty's Service are used for name-days." Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Sec., Fresh Air Fund, 104, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Thermos flasks have received a fine testimonial from Lieutenant Shackleton. He has written to Messrs. A. E. Gutmann and Co. as follows: "I am pleased to be able to state that the flasks were most useful. We were not able to take them on the long sledge journeys, but they proved invaluable for parties who were absent from the winter quarters for the whole of the day on scientific work. They kept the contents warm in spite of the temperature being sometimes well below zero Fahrenheit. I consider that for camp work in the Polar region these Thermos flasks are almost a necessity."



"THERE, TAKE IT, PRINCE": THE CASKET PRESENTED TO THE KING AT THE OPENING OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

It is not recorded whether the Mayor of Kensington thus quoted Shakespeare, as above, in presenting this golden casket, containing an address, to his Majesty the King when he opened the new Victoria and Albert Museum. Had Bassanio been confronted with anything so beautiful, it is to be feared he would have chosen the wrong metal, and lost his Portia. The casket was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 12.

IN THE NEW ACCOUNT.

WEARINESS and ennui characterise the closing of the nineteen-day account, just as they have done in scores of previous cases, though why this should be it is as hard as ever to tell. The very name of New Account serves to stir sluggish prices into a condition of expectation, even of briskness in certain of the more active markets, and the House looks forward with pleasurable anticipation to what fortune has to offer after the current week is over. Of course, the chief animation is looked for in Kaffir and West African shares. The markets there are agog with incipient bullishness, which breaks out every now and again in eager bidding for shares, which nobody much cares to sell, because of the hope that everything will be better in the New Account. Something of the same sentiment ushered in the present nineteen-days, which began by freeing the Kaffir Market from its bogey of the options that expired at the end of June. But prices have been better than business, and a new diversion is badly needed.

THE CONSOL ANOMALY.

Anyone who could provide a really novel reason for the low price of Consols would deserve to be hailed as a peculiarly illuminated seer. The old excuses for the dullness in the Funds are worn worse than threadbare: new issues, low interest, and the rest of the familiar catalogue are all very well in their way, but the mind of the inquirer demands something better. The inquirer stands and cries that money is cheap, is likely to remain so; that the Budget and other so-called Socialist devices should have the effect of driving capitalists perforce to where absolute security can be obtained; that the banks, for their own protection, must prevent Consols from falling much lower. All this, and more (if he is a bull) he cries, but still the market remains resolutely idle, the public painfully indifferent, the speculator entirely unmoved. Of what use a quarter rise, if the price goes back again the next week? We pause for a reply, uncomfortably convinced, however, that there isn't an illuminated seer around just now.

BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC.

Put your Buenos Ayres and Pacific dividend down to 5 per cent. if you will; what then? The Ordinary stock on that basis would be worth such a price as might give the buyer $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his money, and to do that the quotation would go back to 91 $\frac{1}{2}$. At present it is about 103 $\frac{1}{2}$, so there is a further possible decline in the price of, say, 10 to 12 points. So far as one can see, this is the worst which may be expected to befall the price, and it is presenting the situation in the most gloomy light. We doubt greatly whether the dividend will be scaled down 2 per cent. in a single year. Those who do us the honour to follow these notes are aware that the Buenos Ayres and Pacific has never been a favourite stock here; the incessant outpourings of new issues could have, in our frequently expressed opinion, only one inevitable end, and it cannot be said that the borrowing is yet over. There will be more money wanted to complete the various extensions; money that will have to be raised on terms by no means so favourable as those obtained within the last few years. The real investor, however, may consider it prudent to await the outcome of events which, for the time being, militate against the prosperity of the undertaking. We certainly think there is not only the room for, but the probability of, a further decline, and the seller of to-day will most likely get back his stock cheaper.

KAFFIRS ON THE FENCE.

What we are all waiting to see is the way in which the Kaffir cat is going to jump. That interesting animal gives an occasional spring up which rejoices the hearts of all her admirers, but incontinently returns to the fence, amid the sorrowful reproaches of the faithful. We must confess to a feeling that the shake-out hardly went far enough to tempt the public to buy largely on the eve of the autumn holiday. Had Goldfields gone back to $5\frac{1}{2}$, East Rands to $4\frac{3}{4}$, Randfontein to $2\frac{1}{2}$ and that sort of thing, there would have been plenty of scope for a good upward reaction, because people would have bought eagerly at such prices when it became manifest that the market had got over its fit of *malaise* induced by sharp attacks of bullish indigestion. You want a pretty serene confidence, however, to send you into the market buying Goldfields at $6\frac{1}{2}$, Rand Mines at $10\frac{1}{2}$, and so forth. It's well enough to pay such figures when the market is on the boom and consideration of merit needn't be minutely scrutinised. And if the big houses start the game again, no doubt we shall all tumble over one another to get in, price-no-object style. Without such a push-off, we are dubious of the market going ahead to any substantial extent; but it must be added that, from the present appearance, there is little go-back in prices.

CHARTERED AND OTHER RHODESIANS.

Just because the last House tip, to buy Chartered at 27s. 6d. for a rise to 40s., very nearly came off, a good many people are inclined

to believe in the repetition of the advice, and to pick up the shares at anything like 33s. for a ten-shillings profit. Well, it may come off, notwithstanding the huge bull account in the shares, and we should be prepared—did we ever bet—to back a moderate rise against a fall in Chartered. Are there not other things rather more attractive? Take Rhodesia Bankets. The price is $2\frac{3}{4}$, and there is a buying order in the market to take all that come on offer at $2\frac{7}{8}$. The order, of course, is not indefinite in point of time, but it has done a lot to keep Bankets firm while other things gave way. Mr. Abe Bailey will be home in about ten days' time, and the young gentleman is credited with the benevolent intention of signalling his welcome with a spurt in the shares which are so intimately associated with his name. Then there are Giants. Excellent buying has been going on very steadily for some few days, and if the price doesn't go over 3, we shall feel surprised. Or Mayo Developments: a dark and awkward market, nevertheless with prospects of a sudden twirl ahead. Gambles these, all of them. Thorough gambles, but even out of gambles people who can afford to see the thing through have been known to make money.

Saturday, July 3, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—We have not been able to get any offer for your shares. Try the secretaries of the respective Companies, who sometimes know of buyers; or put them in the hands of Lockwood and Co. for sale.

R. A. C.—Thanks for your letter. In buying London Bank of Mexico one would be looking to the future more than to the present. The institution you name is a good one, but very much mixed up with the Nitrate industry.

SARACEN.—Both Companies are too new to have any record. We hear the prospects of the Insurance Company well spoken of, but do not like new Companies of this sort for our own money. Of the Rubber concern we know little.

SAFE.—If you can buy the Preference stock of the American Freehold Land Mortgage Company, it would suit you well; or the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preference stock of the International Investment Trust. Rio de Janeiro new 5 per cent. loan, or Central Argentine Railway Ordinary stock, should also be suitable.

BUCKS.—We cannot understand the price, 3d. to 9d., for Kalgurli Amalgamated. The shares are 4s. each, with 3s. 6d. paid, and the further call of 6d. falling due on Aug. 3, and the price at which the shares have changed hands is about par. As a speculation, they are good enough, as are Chaffers or Gwalla Consolidated.

EDEN.—The following foreign and municipal bonds should be what you require: (1) City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds, (2) City of Rio de Janeiro (new loan) 5 per cent. bonds, (3) Cuba 5 per cent. Gold bonds, (4) San Paulo State new 5 per cent. loan. Buy £500 nominal of each, and you will get 5 per cent. all round.

E. L. C.—Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" stock is quite good to hold, and one of the cheapest things in the market. We can recommend nothing better for your purpose.

OVAL.—The less you have to do with either the better for you.

CAMP.—Probably Linggi is the best for such a short period as you name. If you were going to hold for three or four years we should say Langkat. As to the price of rubber, we are not inclined to prophesy. Any opinion of ours would be mere guesswork.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LIMITED.—Debenture interest warrants for the half-year ended June 30, 1909, were posted to the Debenture-holders of this Company on the 1st inst.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Salisbury, I think Cinder King will win the Welter Handicap; Sheffield the Andover Stakes; and Cyanin the July Welter. I like Sunder for the Hurstbourne Stakes, K.C.B. for the Bibury Cup, and Prince Rupert for the Champagne Stakes. At Lingfield, Carntoi may win the Club Summer Handicap, The Nut the Lingfield Park Stakes, and Sun Cloud the Great Foal Plate. At Haydock Park, the Great Central Plate may be won by Folderol; the July Plate by Top o' the Morning; and the Old Newton Cup by Moorland Lad.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

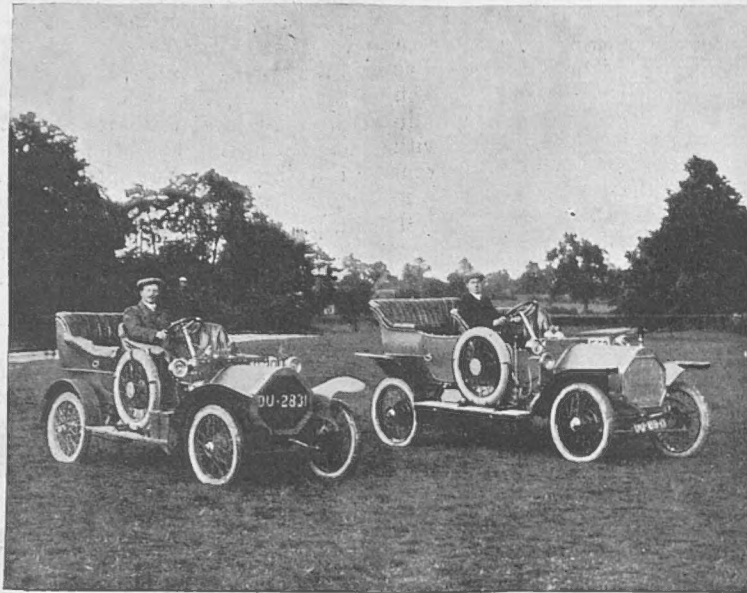
The Motor Union's Great Outing.

By the end of the week the dryas dust part of the business will be disposed of, and under the auspices of the M.U. a kind of triumphal touring procession per car and rail will be made to Taplow, Reading, and Oxford, with Sunday at the University town, continuing to the cheerful town of Leamington, with interludes at Guy's Cliff and Warwick. Stratford-on-Avon will be visited on the third day en route to Cheltenham, and thereafter a circular tour of the Wye Valley, including Tintern, Symond's Yat, and Ross, ending at Swansea. Arrived at Swansea, the next four days are to be spent in divers parties and visits, including speed-tests on Pendine Sands on 16th inst. Thereafter return to London by road. The progress promises to be a succession of mayoral receptions and a great success.

The New Crossley Chassis.

Much interest is evinced in the new 12-14-h.p. chassis which is soon to issue from the world-renowned works of Messrs. Crossley Bros., the famous gas-engine makers, of Openshaw, Manchester. There are Crossley cars already, and sound constructions at that, but, to my mind, not only have they been too much on the big side, but they have, perhaps, followed foreign design a little too slavishly.

The Congress of the Ligue Internationale des Associations Touristes opens to-day in connection with the thirteenth Provincial Meeting



HUMBERS NORTH OF THE TWEED: THE TWO CARS SO SUCCESSFUL IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

These are the two Humber cars which competed with such success in the Scottish Reliability Trials. On the left is the 10-12-h.p. model, driven by Mr. W. Tuck, and on the right the 16-h.p., with Mr. G. A. Phillips at the wheel. He is a son of Mr. Walter Phillips, Works Manager of the Humber, Ltd. Both cars are fitted with Humber detachable wire wheels, and in the Trials Mr. Tuck, whose tyres were twice punctured, was able to change wheels in two and three minutes respectively.

Quite the reverse is, however, the case with the new 12-14-h.p. and the 18-20-h.p., the one being but a bigger and more powerful edition of the other. The chief features to be remarked are the rocking three-point suspension of the engine, fly-wheel casing, and gear-box, the simple *moteur bloc* engine-casting, the tubular cross-members, the spherical-ended torque-column encasing the propeller-shaft, the oil and spring returned dash-pot valve-tappets, the positive pump-forced duct-led lubrication to all engine-bearings, including the gudgeon-pin, and the novel case-enclosed change-speed mechanism. Further, there is a most ingenious positive application of the Liver-side front-wheel brake principles, but operated entirely through rods and levers. Then Riley detachable wheels are fitted. Altogether, a car quite full of merit.

The Truth re the 12-14-h.p. Argyll.

After all, it would appear that the cause of the withdrawal of the 12-14-h.p. Argyll from the late Scottish Trials was not the serious matter of a broken connecting-rod, as generally reported. The actual facts are as follows: A spring-washer interposed between the nut and the strap retaining the lower half of the connecting-rod bearing in position cracked and fell out, with the result that the play ultimately hammered the bearing-case off the stud. Even then the connecting-rod was not broken, but so splendid was the stuff of which it was composed that it is twisted up like a barley-sugar stick, and shows never a sign of fracture. The same car with a new rod is being sent over the Trials course again under Trials conditions and S.A.C. observation, having started on Monday last at 7 a.m.

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